HEY TURNED THEIR BACKS ON AMERICA . . By Bernard DeVoto

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Henry Morton Robinson

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by C. S. Lewis
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon

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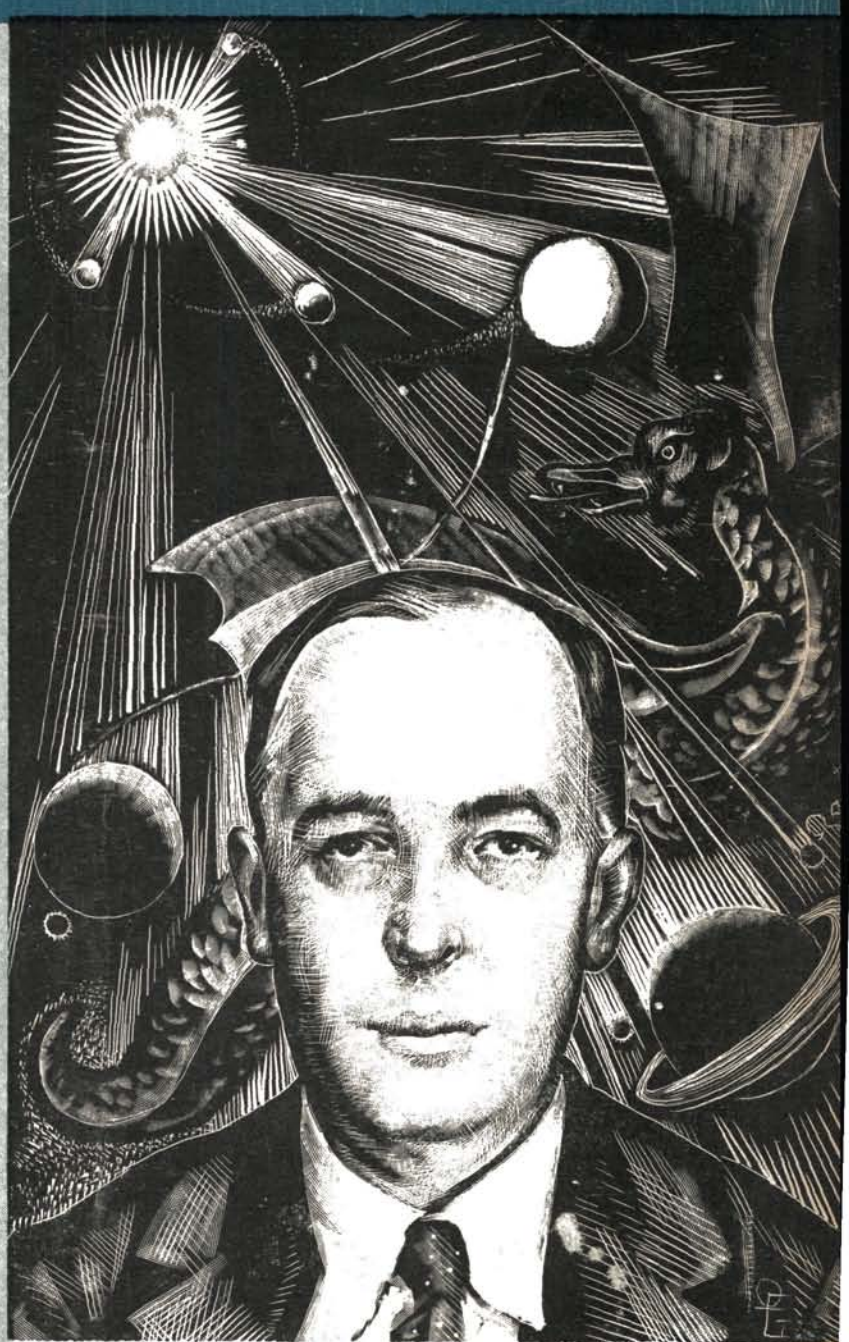

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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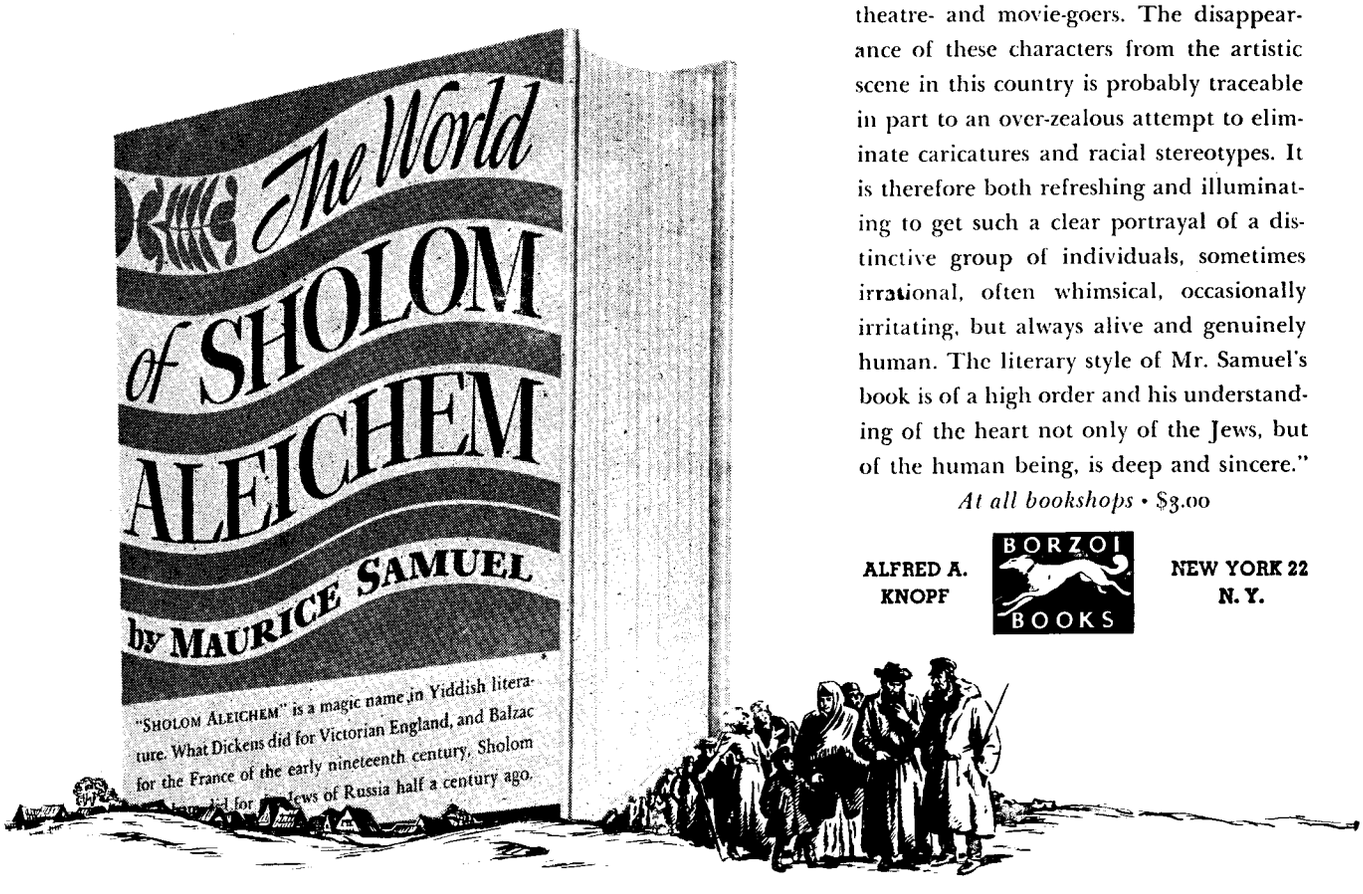
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They Turned Their Backs on America

Writers of the Twenties Missed the Real Meaning of the Times

BERNARD DEVOTO

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Next week, Little, Brown & Co. will publish Mr. DeVoto's "The Literary Fallacy," consisting of a series of lectures given at the University of Indiana last year under the auspices of the Patten Foundation. The following article, drawn from the concluding lecture of the series, appears herewith as a preview of the book. In the next issue of* The Saturday Review, *Sinclair Lewis, one of the writers named in "The Literary Fallacy" in what Mr. DeVoto charges was a misrepresentation of American life and letters will publish his reply.*

THE nation which came out of the war into the 1920's was hardly in any particular what the appraisers said it was. Our critics found it drab, cheerless, anemic, without hope, a decadent society. It was the most cheerful and energetic society in the world and, whether in envy or admiration, foreigners marveled that so much youth and so much hope could be left anywhere. At the very moment when literary critics were turning from us disgusted with industrial materialism and invoking the Russians as the only people who had a hopeful vision for mankind, with the most sedulous and imitative care the Russians were doing their utmost to reproduce the industrial materialism of America, in which they thought they had found the only hopeful vision for mankind. At the moment when criticism was describing America as a deadly uniformity of thought, belief, ideal, behavior, and social pattern, America was the most variegated and diversified society that the world had ever seen. It was a welter of conflicting thought, beliefs, ideals, behavior, classes, interests, racial stocks, sectional sentiments, education, economies, social systems, philosophies, patterns, and culture. It was a heterogeneity so vast, so diversely composed, and in such rapid flux that no formula could express it, no generalization could contain it, and no system of ideas could subject it to control. At the very moment when literature was describing the Americans as dull, brutish, and slaves, they were the freest, the most colorful, and the most reckless people in the world.

As the 1920's came on, then, much that had been familiar and traditional in American life was either dead or dying. Much that was new, strange, and revolutionary was already upon us; more was on the way. Old energies had been accelerated, new energies had been released. In racial stocks, social and economic classes, interests, beliefs, cultures, this was a changed and changing nation. Innumerable old patterns had been broken, innumerable new patterns were forming. The nation had the greatest mechanical power, the greatest actual wealth, and very likely the greatest potential wealth in the world. It had the longest experience at self-government, the most flexible political institutions, incomparably the most flexible social institutions that history had ever seen. It had the greatest measure of democracy, the greatest freedom, the greatest social kindliness, the greatest degree of social justice, the greatest hope.

Also it contained many offenses, injustices, inequities, cruelties, and many possibilities that these would grow worse. Within it were conflicts, dislocations which grew graver, counter-revolutions, internal warfare of systems, exploitations, wastes, corruption. Many of the new energies were working evil and threatened to work worse evil. Much that was fine had been lost; the loss of more was possible. The continuity that had been preserved through fourteen decades of change was menaced, might possibly be destroyed. To these possibilities were added stresses from without, as old orders collapsed in Europe and new orders struggled to establish themselves there and in Asia.

It was a bewildering future—and an inspiring one. The nation was confused. But it was not dismayed—nor frightened—nor craven—nor decadent.

We may adopt the highest literary ground and remark that here was a challenge to writers. Our society greatly needed laborious study, patient exploration, sympathetic understanding. Furthermore, if literature likes variety, color, vigor, richness, intensity, flow and movement, the jewelry of lights and shifting patterns, here was perhaps the greatest wealth ever offered to it. Again if it is a function of literature to participate in the solution of common problems, to explain, to interpret—if, that is, literature has an organic place in culture—then surely here was its greatest opportunity in the American history.

WE have seen the outcome. Study, patience, sympathy, and understanding were precisely the instruments which literature refused to bring to its job. An organic relationship with culture was precisely what literature refused to establish. Instead of studying American life, literature denounced it. Instead of working to understand American life, literature repudiated it. By voluntary act it withdrew from the very activity which it insisted was its proper business. Few will say that it accepted its responsibility or made use of its opportunity. Mr. MacLeish, Mr. Brooks, and innumerable penitents who have lately been tailoring sackcloth to their own measure acknowledge the failure. I have been discussing it as a betrayal, and yet the emphasis must not be on betrayal, for the generality of writers, as I pointed out, were moved by the highest idealism. The emphasis must be put on the inadequacy of means—on the ineffectiveness of purely literary ideas to make literary expression an organic part of culture.

It remains to speak briefly of the effect on literature itself. During the

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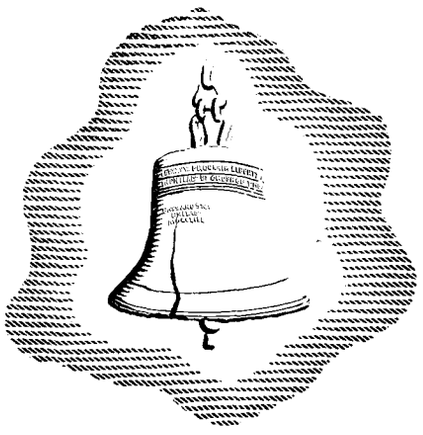
Twenties and thereafter there were confusion and decay of values, there was anarchy of thought and feeling, in American life. But in our literature there were immensely greater confusion and decay of values, and the comprehensive word for it between wars is anarchy. The society was rugged, lively, and vital, but literature became increasingly debilitated, capricious, querulous, and irrelevant. Unquestionably many lives went down in despair but society never felt that it was futile, whereas literature came increasingly to confess its own futility. Even in the dreadful years of the early 1930's, when the most severe strains ever put on us made the nation face common failures new to the national consciousness, the generality of Americans felt no such despair as literature felt. It was writers, not the American people, who believed that the promise of American life had ended.

WE must not permit ourselves the easy appeal to the last argument of kings. To escape into the rhetoric or the obscurantism of war emotions would be a species of literary trick. Yet it is invincibly true that danger brings clarification and that in this way war has an edge which cuts through unrealities. As the universal war drew nearer to the United States something fundamental, something eternally simple, became clear. The Americans have changed as their society has changed, but their vigor, their courage, and especially their faith had not changed in accordance with the literary repudiation. The nation had not doubted its strength, its greatness, or its future. And, oddly, literary people were suddenly saying so. It is with no idea of vindicating or disproving literary ideas that Americans have gone out to die in defense of our common ways of life, and in defense of the implicit faith that animates them—precisely as Americans had always done in the past which was held to be ignoble. It is not to reassure intellectuals that the nation has overturned the calculations of its enemies who knew that it was decadent, weak, and incapable of meeting the tests of the modern world. There was no such intention; the nation did not take the literary ideas into account and for the most part did not know that they existed. The point is that the literary ideas were wrong. The point is that the American people were not what their writers had believed them to be. The point is that only persons so lost in logic, dream, and theory that they were cut off from their heritage could have held those ideas.

Something final is said about the literature we have been discussing when we observe that it took a world war to reveal to writers truths about the culture they sprang from which had been the commonplace knowledge of every man of sense, the ordinary experience of everyone who lived in touch with the American realities. Never in any country or any age had writers so misrepresented their culture, never had they been so unanimously wrong. Never had writers been so completely separated from the experiences that alone give life and validity to literature. And therefore because separation from the sources of life makes despair, never had literature been so despairing, and because false writing makes trivial writing, never had literature been so trivial.

That, then, is where we come out. The characteristic literature of our age has not been serious, it has been a trivial literature. Despair is an automatic result of separation from the common life. Triviality is an automatic penalty imposed by that common life. In our time writers have been more widely read, more enthusiastically applauded, and rewarded with greater wealth and public honors than writers have ever had before. Nearly any writer could get an audience, nearly any writer could lead a coterie, nearly any writer could have the appurtenances of distinction, nearly any competent writer could be famous, and many writers became rich. In superficial public esteem, in publicity, in money, writers in our time have ranked higher than any writers before them anywhere. And yet there is no escape from a realization that, while bestowing all this on writers, the public has more than half-consciously degraded them to the status of entertainers. If a writer has not been equated with a movie actor or a baseball player, at least he has been understood to be a worker in the same field. If literature has been understood to differ from the crafts of illusionists, acrobats, and stripteasers, it has also been understood to be performing the same social function.



The public has been glad to reward its entertainers but has not supposed that literature was speaking for the American people. Fame writers might have, but authority they have been steadily denied. Mr. Mencken or Mr. Lewis has not been granted the authority that was freely accorded to Mark Twain. Neither Mr. Hemingway nor Mr. Brooks nor Mr. Jeffers has been granted the jurisdiction over the American spirit freely exercised by Emerson with the consent of his readers. Neither Mark Twain nor Emerson supposed that the Americans were the children of light or that America was the Kingdom of Heaven come upon earth. Both spoke rebukes to their countrymen so fundamental that anything said by writers in our time seems, by comparison, weak, captious, ephemeral, and a trifle effeminate. But both spoke with authority to a people who acknowledged their authority—because both spoke knowing whereof they spoke, and both spoke from within.

In the long arc of time when history comes to describe the culture of America between the two wars, it will not be American ideas or the American way of life that looks tawdry, cheap, empty, and base. It will be the half-bushel of writers who presumed to find them so on the basis of a blend of arrogance, ignorance, and beautiful ideas which would seem craven except that it is first of all ridiculous. Seeking for a phrase which will convey the quality of that literature, history may sum it up as the Age of Ignominy. "We must begin by thinking of American literature," the topic sentence may read, "not as functional in American life but as idle, dilettante, flippant, and intellectually sterile." The age of literary folly. The age of slapstick.

I SHOULD like to tell you that I hear the fiddles tuning all over America. I should like to promise you that a generation of writers of more seasoned intelligence, of greater wisdom, more serious, more deeply dedicated, are now laying the foundations on which at last will be erected a literature worthy of a great people. And in fact there is a haste of literary people to exalt democracy, to exult in the native grain, and even to inquire and examine and search out what these things may be. American literature is wearing jeans, eating grits and sidemeat, gathering at the crossroads store to take a stand on the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. The American writer has unbuttoned the collar of his flannel shirt, is grinding corn between two hand-smoothed stones, and has undertaken to recreate his personality with the proper

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The quotations under the photographs in the adjoining columns are taken from Mr. DeVoto's forthcoming book, "The Literary Fallacy," of which this article is a preview.

proportions of Daniel Boone and Walt Whitman. His eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, he sings with a loving and compassionate heart.

But I confess uneasiness. I am not yet an old man but already in my time I have seen this same eagerness and compassion expanded in many contradictory causes, this same literary personality dedicated to many disparate values with the same fervor. I cannot believe that ignorant love is more stable than ignorant contempt. The literary man loving freedom, who lately derided it as a superstition and a weakness of the plutocracies? The literary man praising the American way, who only a few hours back found in it nothing but absurdity? The literary man associating himself as with brothers of one heart with the democracy who yesterday were the boobs, the suckers, the fall guys, the Rotarians, the coarse-souled materialists of all the world? Well, maybe, but one long seasoned in folly may be permitted to add, probably not for long. The generality of writers of my time have suggested to me that the literary temperament is unstable and I must doubt if Almighty God has chosen the 1940's to make it over for all time. In some purple evening there will be another floodlighted opening at Grauman's Chinese Theater and worshipful thousands will discover that Miss Veronica Lake has let her hair down over her right eye. By noon the next day millions of girls will be looking at life with the left eye only and, the weary expectation is, resolute and one-eyed literary folk will once more be beholding the land of broken promises, inhabited only by inferior people who destroy individuality and break the Artist's heart.

Neither God nor nature has decreed ways in which books must be written. Literature is not subject to the laws which bring forth Mazzaroth in his season and guide Arcturus with his sons. It is subject to writers, mortal men all, men not notable for fixity of character, suffering much from neurosis, much given to whim, caprice, suggestibility, and mistaking the quirks of their emotions for the contours of objective fact. Books will continue to be written by writers. They will faithfully present the ideas and emotions of writers. When those ideas and emotions chance to be true or great, books

"Both implicitly and explicitly . . . Ernest Hemingway has attacked the life of the mind, the life of the spirit, and the shared social experience of mankind."

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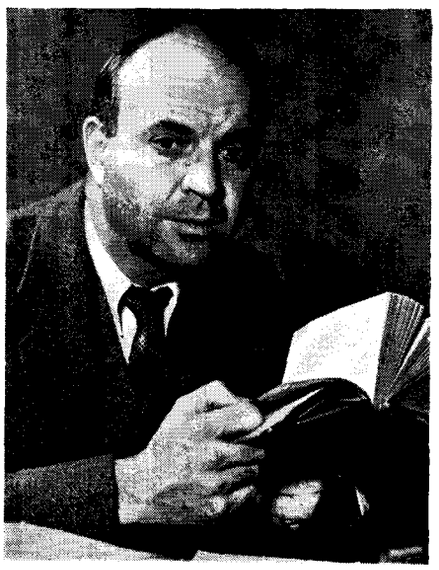

"John Dos Passos's characters . . . do not move us much. . . . They seem like automatons. It is as if the doom they meet is merely a literary doom."

"Robinson Jeffers has not been granted the jurisdiction over the American spirit freely exercised by Emerson with the consent of the readers."

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will be true and great. When they chance to be childish or frivolous or silly, books will correspond. I cannot tell you what literature will be like when you have fought through the war and taken citizenship in the unpredictable world of the future. But, a literary man, I too can succumb to the persuasiveness of literary ideas—I can tell you a moral which the writers of my time have pointed for the writers of your time. I can tell you what literature will have to do if it is to be what, in the faraway, expectant dawn of my era, it set out to be.

If literature is to be a dependable description of America, if it is to make a useful comment on America, then first of all it must know America. Knowledge is a slow growth, a long path beset with possibilities of error. Men are not given to know the nature of things by intuition. Authority is not born full-grown in any mind, nor can anyone come to it by staring into his own soul, or at his navel, or into the high priest's emerald breastplate. No one can know a country or a people, no one can know even the small portions with which most of us must be content, except by a long effort to know them, a refusal to be satisfied with the nobly vague, a distrust of the logically beautiful. Knowledge does not come from the matching up of myths, abstractions, and hypotheses that made the writers of the 1920's sure they were red to the shoulders with the blood of life when they were only watching the play of shadows across the screen of their own souls. Knowledge means sweat and doggedness, a realization that one can never know enough, and it comes from experience inappeasably sought after and tested with the most powerful reagents the mind can use. Writers must be content to hold their peace until they know what they are talking about. Readers must be willing to hold them to the job if they refuse to hold themselves. An uninstructed gentleness toward writers has been the mistake of readers in our time. Words like "fool" and "liar" might profitably come back to us. If literature is a trivial pursuit, folly and lying are of no particular moment, but if literature is to be serious then it cannot be permitted folly and lying and when they appear in it they must be labeled and denounced.

Yet knowledge can be come by. But first there is a fixed barrier which writers cannot cross except by virtue of a profound humility. The moral of our literature between the wars is that literature must come upon futility and despair unless it begins in fellowship from within. Rejection, the attitude of superiority, disdain of the experience of ordinary people, repudiation of the values to which the generality of a writer's countrymen devote their lives—the literature of my generation tried that path and found that the path ended in impotence and the courtship of death. The evils and abuses of society may be intolerable but my generation has proved that literature can do nothing whatever about them from outside. It must enter in, it must speak its "Thou shalt!" as one who shares the dust and thirst. Cut the umbilical cord and what dies is not society but literature. Form coteries of the initiate, turn in abhorrence from the village square to the High Place, consecrate yourself to anything which the louts at the foot of the High Place cannot know, however fine or noble or beautiful it may be—and in the end you have only a group of the merely literary, speaking fretfully to one another in soft voices while the tides of the world sweep by.

Either literature deals honestly with the basic experiences in which all men may see themselves, or else it is only a mannered diversion practised by the impaired and of interest only to the leisure moments of those who are whole. Either it is a man and a brother speaking to men and brothers, speaking of the things which all share and are subject to, or else it is only a private titillation. Well over a century ago Ralph Waldo Emerson ordered the American writer to his job—to the meal in the firkin, the milk in the pan. To know what it was that had appeared upon the earth, the new man, this American. To search his heart, his mind, his vision, his memory. Only in obeying that command has American literature ever found reality. Our literature can be true only as it is true of us, it can be great only as it comes to find greatness. All roots will be winterkilled and all the sweet green shoots will die except as they are warmed and fertilized by the common experience of Americans. That common experience is sufficiently wide and deep—literature has never yet drawn even with it and can never exhaust it. In it lies the future of American literature, possibly a great future, but only as the writers of the future, by their own wit or by the grace of God, may, as the writers between wars in the main did not, accept it as their own.

The Enemy as "Host"

MY LIFE WITH THE ENEMY. By Phyllis Argall. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 290 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

PHYLLIS ARGALL spent most of her life in Japan. She has lived in big towns and small, rubbed shoulders with the common man, learned his language. After a brief sojourn in the United States to complete her education, Miss Argall became a school principal in Formosa, and later a member of the editorial staff of *Newsweek* in Japan.

"My Life with the Enemy" is the record of this life, intermixed with solid chunks of information on Japanese politics, national character, army, censorship, journalism, economic stringencies, spies, and religion. In great detail, it traces Japan's steady drift towards war, and brings to light the devices Japan used to conceal her military preparations.

One of the great virtues of the book is that it brings this record up-to-date. Much of what is happening in Japan today—and especially the trend towards economic and political centralization—becomes clear in the light of Miss Argall's workmanlike account. Another virtue is her report on Formosa, where some of the bitterest battles of this bitter war may yet be fought.

As a working newspaperman, I found delight in the chapters dealing with Miss Argall's work on *Newsweek* (including the familiar tale of a Japanese printer who faithfully recorded this editorial note in a directory of Japan's traders: "These bloody bastards don't pay their bills. Cut the blighters out.") I know of few better accounts of a correspondent's struggle with Oriental odds—including censorship.

Among the stories Miss Argall tells, the most striking deals with an alleged plot by so-called "moderates" in late Spring of 1941 to avert war. Big business, according to this story, subsidized the plot, and 12,000 army officers were involved in it. The scheme failed when Ambassador Joseph Grew declined to give assurances that the United States Government would deal with the rebels. The story is both interesting and significant, but one would wish the supporting evidence was stronger.

Unhappily, Miss Argall's writing lacks color. Thus, what could have been an exciting autobiography, as rich in personal experience as in a description of Japan at war, becomes another book on the Orient. But for what it does contain, the book is of interest and value.

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The Imaginative Power of C. S. Lewis

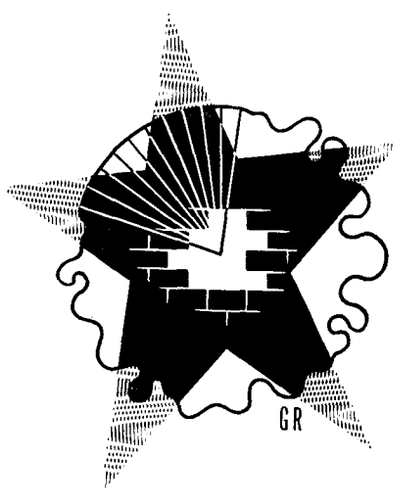
PERELANDRA. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1944. 238 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MR. LEWIS is beyond question one of the most exciting and satisfactory writers who has come to the surface out of the maelstrom of these turbulent times. That he should have done so is not to be wondered at. He has a powerful, discriminating and, in the proper sense of the word, poetic mind, great learning, startling wit, an overwhelming imagination, a charming and disarming naiveté, and the capacity to express himself best described by saying: "He can write." One thinks better of the public mind, to employ the old compliment, because it has so rapidly yielded to his enchantment. And more power to him! Many of his fundamental beliefs the reviewer, whether by ill fortune or because of the direct interference of "Our Father Below," is not so happy as to share. But that is nothing against them. Mr. Lewis's convictions are so genuine and so vigorously, if courteously, defended that it may properly be said that one is often most interested when least in agreement with his premises. He has been able to accept a good deal from which many of us, rightly or wrongly, shrink. But his conclusions work for *him*. And he knows them by their fruits for *him*. His *Weltanschauung* is not the result of the mere ingenious manipulation of words. Something important for him has happened in his cosmos. He has perfectly clearly got himself born for the second time. And no one in his senses will ever directly or indirectly belittle such a piece of luck.

Mr. Lewis's new romance, or better myth, for Mr. Lewis's imagination (as has been said of a very great poet) is equal to the manufacture of a myth, is a sort of sequel to "Out of the Silent Planet." But the earlier book, however witty and engaging, is a farthing candle beside its successor. The observation has been made, and the reviewer entirely concurs, that the former work is the concoction of the intellect, but that "Perelandra" is the result of the poetic imagination in full blast and should never have been written in prose, however excellent. It is true that the new book is in some respects less obviously ingenious, but it is more elaborate, better worked out, more provocative of the suspension of disbelief, and goes higher and deeper. For reasons the reviewer cannot pretend to adduce, the visionary landscapes, or rather seascapes, of the Planet Venus capture the mind more completely than the perspectives of the rectilinear cañons of Mars. And the reader is taken into an Eden with the dew on it, where not unnaturally the only rational inhabitants are a thoroughly interesting Eve and perhaps the only endurable Adam in literature. This last point is not without interest, for not even Milton really made him jell properly.

The story hinges on the successful efforts of Ransom, the philologist hero of "Out of the Silent Planet," to prevent the seduction of the new Eve of virgin Perelandra by the notorious Professor Weston, the villain of that



legend, who has become by his own sin of scientific pride the chosen vessel of the Prince of the Morning. Poor Weston, possessed by the evil spirit, takes as bad a beating at Ransom's hands as ever was administered by a devout student of language. The temptation of the beautiful green Eve on her wandering island in the great sea of Venus is frustrated *vi et armis*. And the way is prepared for a race who will need no future redeemer because their father and mother never fell and were in fact redeemed on another planet before they were created.

What has just been summarized, perhaps too flippantly, is developed with superb imaginative power. One reads with every kind of excitement. One's own fancy, one's own thought, leap after the writer's. Agreement, dissent, analogy wake in the lethargic mind. The gleams of satire, the strokes of illumination, leave very little to be desired. The moment when Ransom in the opaque dark of the night of Venus which knows no stars hears the voice of Weston where he sits,

> Squat like a toad close by the ear of Eve,

has plenty of that rare literary quality, legitimate horror. Nor will one willingly forget "the singing beast," a creature of Mr. Lewis's invention, as quaint and charming as anything in an illumination from a medieval bestiary. Not for nothing has Mr. Lewis been around in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He knows how to make the fantastic explicit.

Not that it matters much, but the reviewer feels that there is a bone, not a really important one, to pick with him. To blurt it out, why has Mr. Lewis sharpened his axe for the man of science? It is obvious that he is much annoyed with him, for, quite apart from the denigration of the order in the person of Weston, he makes Ransom cry out against the scientist as one "who comes over me with numbers and empty spaces and repetitions and asks me to bow down before bigness." This is a pretty apt description of some unreasoning intellectual who has read Sir James Jeans unprofitably, but, as far as the reviewer is concerned, as a crack at science, it won't wash. Those scientists he has been so fortunate as to know have been singularly modest and undogmatic men devoured by curiosity and living in a state of astonishment bordering on the mystical.

But this defense of a sect, dear to the reviewer whatever he may be to them, is not in any way intended to detract from the virtue and charm of a truly remarkable book, on whose every page there is an image that suggests or an eloquent statement that strikes home. In so short a notice it has been impossible to give a notion of the freshness and clearness, the unpretentious nobility of the fable and the thought. Unaccustomed as we are to public speaking as practised by the host of Heaven, the fact that Mr. Lewis's archangels speak like archangels may perhaps be ignored. And unhappily what he himself says from the heart may be taken by many as only proceeding from the lips outward. Among other things Mr. Lewis is a satirist, and a satirist, as has been pointed out, is one who must expect to have his point missed not infrequently.

One word to the cliché-monger who will miss it entirely. If he feels inclined to utter the blesséd phrase "Literature of Escape," for his soul's good let him look up the word "eschatology" in the dictionary. He probably won't understand the definition, but, to employ the rhetoric of an eminent Victorian, if he does—!

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Defeat Dissected

CLOUDLESS MAY. By Storm Jameson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 513 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AS an anatomy of French defeatism, this long, solidly printed book is fascinating, brilliant, and informative: as a novel, it begins by arousing high hopes and ends by partially disappointing them. Miss Jameson's mobilization of characters is magnificent, as, to the optimistic eye, was France's military mobilization, but, like the nation of which she writes so perceptively, she fails somewhat in action. Or her characters fail, because they are really more portraits than characters, portraits painted with a patient multitude of skilful, revealing word-strokes. These men and women are at their best as subjects of description, rather than as actors. We are not so much interested in what they do as in what their author has to say about them. They do enough, in all conscience, but it is not actions that matter; it is the portraiture. They never take possession of the book-world in which they have their being: of that Miss Storm Jameson remains firmly the mistress.

In this role she commands our admiration. She is an extraordinary observer of morals, manners, mannerisms, and the interplay of motives; of the deepest springs of human conduct —and what she has observed is never reported in a cliché. Her metaphorical sprightliness reminds one of Giraudoux, while her wit is of the best kind, the kind that serves truth. But she writes so well! one exclaims to oneself so often. If this book contains no personal story that moves us, she may never have intended that it should. The stories of the many persons of whom she writes add up to France's story in its most tragic hour. It is a story of more or less good men made helpless by circumstance, and of more or less bad men seeking to turn circumstance to their own profit. Miss Jameson does not neglect the good, but it is the bad, in all their degrees, who are the objects of her most searching study.

Her scene is Seuilly, an imagined town of the Loire valley. Her time runs from the beginning of May to the middle of June, 1940. *"Mai qui fut sans nuage et Juin poignardé. . . ."* In Seuilly, during these fateful weeks, we see France in microcosm. Scarcely has the German invasion begun before the defeatist pack is in full cry, and as the invasion rolls on each member of the pack, each type, has his own reasons for arguing that it is folly to resist. Huet, the deputy, and his millionaire wife, are ready to welcome Hitler as the protector of France against "the mob"; and Huet has already enjoyed certain treasonable converse with Herr Ribbentrop. Thiviers, the great industrialist, who looks up-

Storm Jameson

on his workers as his children, and who believes in his own sincerity as "a fighter for peace," is convinced that the New Order will give Europe peace and prosperity. Labenne, the crafty peasant mayor, who prides himself on his ability to manage men, is thinking of the power he will wield as a collaborator of the Germans: he will dominate the Département, pay off old scores, rub out old foes, and even found a dynasty. Labenne's creature, Edgar Vayrac, is eager to prove that a Frenchman can be as brutal a Nazi gangster as can any German. General Woerth, methodical, mathematical, is convinced that Germany is, just now, unconquerable; but he is also sure that France will reconquer Europe, "in her turn." General Piriac, massive, ancient, senile, does his best to behave like a military monument, and succeeds in being as useless as a monument. Mme. de Freppel dreams of escaping to America with her lover, Bergeot, the departmental prefect, whose intentions are excellent but whose will is weak. Mme. Vayrac is content to sit like a fat, genial spider at the center of her profitable web, doing business of any kind, with anyone, so long as it is lucrative. And many a common soldier, called from Seuilly, resents having to risk his life; while his wife asks only that her husband be allowed to come home.

Against these defeatist elements, the opposing elements are impotent. Bergeot, the prefect, would like to lead a defensive crusade, but he is no match for a man like Labenne, and he has compromised himself by his association with Thiviers. Colonel Rienne, the best type of professional French officer, is not permitted to fight in France: for that he must go to England, and he does. England furnishes the solution, too, for young Lucien Sugny, the prefect's disillusioned secretary (one of Miss Jameson's poorer portraits; as Catherine, Lucien's sweetheart, is surely the poorest). Rienne's good friend, Colonel Ollivier, prefers to blow himself up with one of the Loire bridges, even though he knows he is delaying the German advance by only a few hours. And Louis Mathieu, the courageous Jewish journalist, who knows all his country's faults, while loving her with a deep passion, also knows how to stay and die.

I have mentioned only a few of the name-tags on the many portraits in this book which is less a novel than a gallery. The most remarkable portrait of all bears the one word— France. And this is a portrait in three tenses. Defeatist and defeated France is here on the canvas, complex and tragic; but so also is France in its greatness, for Miss Jameson's sense of the past, of roots going down and down, is one of her richest resources. And the third tense is here, too, however lightly penciled. Promise is here. But it is not an easy promise. Whatever France's future may be, it cannot be easy.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 42

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 42 will be found in the next issue.

THEXDOAN KAR GHHOAN LXOAN RKVVCOAN KAR RHOAN.

—GOVVOKW TKWRBA.

—XBWKOAM THATBXAOAN LXODOKA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 41

RATS AND CONQUERORS MUST EXPECT NO MERCY IN MISFORTUNE.

—C. C. COLTON.

—LACON.

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Inside India

The Story Behind and About the Book

VOICELESS INDIA. By Gertrude Emerson. With introductions by Rabindranath Tagore and Pearl Buck. Foreword by the author. New York: The John Day Co. 458 pages, approx. 160,000 words. $3. Set in Scotch 11½-point type with 1½ lead. Wide margins, readable. Four page index; five page glossary of Indian terms. Clothbound: zeppelin No. 3166 with black ink stamping. Nine camera studies of life in Pachperwa. Advance sale to bookstores before publication: 600 copies (incomplete figures).

An "Inner Review" by FREDERICK GRUIN

GENESIS. Gertrude Emerson met India for the first time in 1920. It was rather skimming acquaintance; as associate editor of *Asia* magazine, she had to hurry on to complete a journalist's tour of the Far and Middle East. But she found time for a quick look at all the main provinces and a number of native states. She talked to many, including the British Viceroy, her Mohammedan bearer, and the skinny, shawled Hindu who had recruited troops for World War I's British Indian Army and now, as Mahatma Gandhi, led the nationalist drive for freedom. The visitor learned one thing in passing: that India had eluded her.

Six years later Gertrude Emerson left New York aboard the Fabre liner *Asia* to meet India again. She was determined to slip behind the façade of officialdom and drawing room, to begin at "the logical starting point," the Indian village. Scores of people, known and unknown to her, offered advice on where to live. Her friend Gandhi feared that her health might suffer in the primitive, unsanitary back country. But Gertrude Emerson was resolved. She found Pachperwa. There she made her home for a year. There she took notes, gathered data, wrote down her impressions of land and folk. In 1930 appeared the original edition of "Voiceless India," which is the story of Pachperwa and, because Pachperwa is one of the 750,000 villages where nine-tenths of a nation's 390,000,000 people live, the story of India.

PRINTERS. Doubleday, Doran and Company published the first edition of "Voiceless India" in the United States. It was well received. Within a few years the book went out of print. Meanwhile the author revised her original text, and corresponding changes were made in Doubleday's plates. But no new United States edition appeared. Instead, George Allen and Unwin of London bought sheets from Doubleday's corrected plates and turned out a British edition in 1931. For a preface the London publishers used Rabindranath Tagore's review of "Voiceless India" originally printed in *The Saturday Review of Literature* (Dec. 20, 1930).

Sometime later, Doubleday sold the plates to a friend of the author. Public interest in India hit an upswing again last year, when a new viceroy took over, and the flow of American fighting men and material to the restive subcontinent steadily mounted. From India, where she has taken up residence, Gertrude Emerson airmailed to the United States necessary revisions for the edition now published by John Day. Included are Rabindranath Tagore's old "introduction" and a new one by Pearl Buck.

AUTHOR. Gentle-eyed, calm-browed Gertrude Emerson stems from a family of travelers: her grandfather crossed the Atlantic thirty times; she herself was once dubbed "Miss Marco Polo." She is a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society, a founder of the Society of Women Geographers, a member of the American Asiatic Association. She has collected Japanese prints, explored wild areas of Central Asia and the Malay Archipelago, studied Eastern ways since 1912.

In that year, shortly after her graduation from Chicago University, she visited Japan, spent a twelvemonth absorbing Japanese poetry and art. In 1914 she returned for more, then went on to Korea and China, recording her travels for various New York publications. In 1917 she became an associate editor of the new *Asia* magazine. In 1920 she was back in the Orient again, this time on an *Asia* photographic and editorial expedition that embraced her old haunts plus the Philippines, Siam, Indo-China, India (where the idea for "Voiceless India" was born), Java, Sumatra, Persia, Palestine, and Egypt. After Pachperwa and the publication of "Voiceless India," she became co-editor of *Asia*. She held that post until 1932, when she went off to Calcutta to marry Basiwar Sen, a noted plant biologist.

SUBJECT. Pachperwa (pronounced *Putch-pair-wah*) lies not far from the Nepal border in the northeastern sector of the United Provinces. At the time of Gertrude Emerson's sojourn, it belonged to the boy Maharaja of Balrampur, the plump, amiable, and aimless ward of a British Indian court, the owner of an estate as big as Rhode Island and an income as big as $1,500,000.

Around the village stretch flat plains planted to rice, pulses, and pumpkins. Dusty in March, sun-grilled in May, drenched in summer, the countryside is studded with jungle patches and rimmed in the distance by the foothills and the snow ranges of the Himalayas. With tributary hamlets, Pachperwa counts 336 dried-mud and golden-thatched houses. It has no telephone, no electricity, no refrigeration, no plumbing. It is a microcosm of India: incredibly poor, perpetually underfed, racked by disease, clogged by ignorance. Within its confines Hindus and Mohammedans live together, for the most part amicably. Its society is caste-ridden, feudal-minded. But all the dark poverty and superstition cannot hide a shining light. Gertrude Emerson found there "the traditions of centuries . . . the essential Indian spirit . . . remarkable likeness of ideals . . . underlying unity."

APPEAL. Rabindranath Tagore's judgment still rings true. Of "Voiceless India" he said: "so vivid and yet sober in its color—the honest color of truth." Gertrude Emerson grinds no axe, takes no side save that of compassion. Now and then one feels her sympathy for India's nationalists, but it is a restrained sentiment. First and foremost this is a canvas of Pachperwa on its daily round: in burning rice paddy and dismal earthen hut, at marriage and funeral, begging and borrowing, through song and sorrow.

It is an eloquent canvas. Miss Emerson's writing is as distinguished and imaginative as her discernment. Some of her descriptive passages (the village from a distance, the neighborhood birds and beasts, the sowing season, a bridal procession) lie very close to poetry. But the greatest gift of her book is still its information. No one can understand India and its aspirations without understanding its Pachperwas. "Voiceless India" opens a path to such understanding.

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Basic Values for Mutual Understanding

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES. By Pitirim A. Sorokin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 253 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

WHEN Oswald Spengler, the gloomy prophet of the "Decline of the West," completed his monumental work during the First World War, he planned to give the concluding chapter the title "Russia and the Future." However, when the book appeared, this chapter had not been written. Even to Spengler, this task had been too daring.

Sorokin in his "Russia and the United States," has the courage to lift the veil of future. He projects the decline of communism and the evolution of a new Russia in what may truly be described as a "managerial revolution." To him, the first, merely destructive, phase of the Soviet revolution has passed. No revolution can achieve more than to destroy what was already moribund and would have died even in the absence of a revolution. In the case of the Soviet Union, a wealth of young and vigorous forces is growing rapidly. The new life was not buried in the debris of what Sorokin regards as the destructive phase of the Russian revolution. (Incidentally, in such, mainly biological, factors we can see the reason why the revolution in the U.S.S.R. is no Revolution of Nihilism, while the Nazi revolution created nothing but nihilism and destruction). With the passing of the destructive phase the young forces reemerged in another cycle of the Russion revolution. They will cement the fundamentals of a new social structure in Russia. This structure will be democratic; for Russia has always been democratic in her ideals and her ways of life, much more so than the vast majority of Americans and Europeans are prepared to believe.

To prove this point is the main theme of the book and Sorokin supports it with a powerful arsenal of factual material. The other pillar of Sorokin's thesis is the claim that scarcely any fundamental difference exists between the Soviet Union and the United States. In both nations a new type of society is emerging. For both nations, Sorokin believes, it is true that sovereignity has become a source of perdition. Both nations, therefore, must closely collaborate to build a new society as free from war as is humanly possible. It can be done, says Pitirim Sorokin; "we can build the Temple of Lasting Peace."

In order to appreciate fully the meaning of "Russia and the United States," we must be aware that its thought-provoking story is also the sociological case history of a man who was born, 55 years ago, in a Russian village and became a professor of sociology in St. Petersburg. The revolution was not kind to Professor Sorokin. A member of Kerensky's cabinet, he was three times imprisoned by the Soviet government. In 1923 he

—*Bachrach*

Pitirim A. Sorokin believes that sovereignity has become a source of perdition for America and Russia.

came to America. Today he is head of the department of sociology at Harvard University and the celebrated author of a number of trenchant studies in his field.

Sorokin's own career proves the point, so little recognized in this country, that it was possible in Imperial Russia for a plebeian to start at the lowest rungs of the ladder with a fair chance to reach the highest. Thus Sorokin's book pays a debt of gratitude to the society of pre-revolutionary Russia which allowed him to become a member of the bourgeoisie. And it is characteristic that he says of the Russian middle classes that at the time of the revolution they had "unfortunately" not yet become numerically one of the most powerful classes in the state. Hence, he concludes, they could not check the revolution.

It is not astounding that Sorokin looks at his fatherland through the glasses of its middle class, the same class which, he says, could, unfortunately, not stem the tide of the revolution. Does he not sometimes forget the fatalistic words he quotes himself: *Volentem fata ducunt nolentem trahunt;* Destiny leads the willing, it pulls the unwilling? Spengler, who is closer to Sorokin than he would like to admit, concludes his "Decline of the West" with the same warning.

Sorokin's own "case history" is only one important factor in the appraisal of his "Russia and the United States." The theme of this book is vital for the people of the United States; whether or not they will be able to read, in time, the signs on the wall, will determine the future of our children. Nobody is better equipped to help us decipher the ominous signs than is the author. It is only natural that he cannot free himself entirely from the resentment which arises from his Russian past. That the reader can trace it here and there does not in the least affect the value of the book. It is overflowing with brilliant ideas such as only a great scholar could create whose background was thoroughly Russian and has become thoroughly American. It is a primer on Russia (neglecting somewhat the other peoples of the Soviet Union) which every American should read for its timely and necessary crusade against the old myth that Russia has always been the home of barbarians. Indeed, if the American and Soviet people and their political leaders will learn the vital lesson that the basic values of the two nations are congenial, that their dealings with one another have always been peaceful, and that they should in the future exert a great influence upon each other's social and cultural life, then it can be hoped that the "Temple of Lasting Peace" will not be built upon sand.

Stephen B. Leacock, 1869-1944

Stephen Butler Leacock's death last week at the age of seventy-four adds a beloved name to the list of distinguished who have contributed so much to our literature and whose voices are now forever, and so recently, silenced. James Boyd, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Irving Cobb, Joseph Lincoln—and now Stephen Leacock, who had been writing for forty years and in that time had published forty books and innumerable magazine articles.

For the last decade his books of humor, satire, and plain or fancy nonsense have overwhelmed his solid reputation as a biographer and economist and have made him internationally famous.

Born in England, Mr. Leacock came to Canada as a boy. Until his retirement eight years ago he had been the head of the Department of Political Science and Economics of the McGill University for twenty-eight years. There is no one on the horizon today who can take his place in deflating blown-up egos and static literary traditions, or in tickling the feet of the pompous, the self-righteous, and the grimly serious.

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What Makes Herkimer Pun?

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

"SHEAR GENIUS!" exclaimed Herkimer Howe as he watched the barber trim my hair. Herkimer's funny that way; 'pun my word, he is. "Don't you realize that puns are the lowest form of wit?" I asked him recently. "Sure," he agreed, "they're the fun-dation of all wit." His mind habitually limps like that; he is, in truth, a mental quipple.

Groans and cat-calls invariably greet Herkimer's puns, but he discounts all that as sheer mean-tempered prejudice against a fine upstanding form of mental decay. I've known him since our college days, many jeers ago, when he used to do the punning for Harvard. I recall his remark on learning that a young golf pro was using his fees to pay his tuition: "Oh, *putt*ing himself through college." And there was the time when, accompanied by a classmate named Hale, he tried to enter the Yale Bowl without a ticket. "Where are you going?" asked the guard. "To yell with Hale!" replied Herkimer. Unfortunately the guard felt that boys should be seen but not hurt.

In spite of innumerable rebuffs, Herkimer still maintains that what this country needs is a good five-scented pun. No occasion is too serious for a whiff of his malodorous wit. During the Spanish Civil War he read that a company of Basque soldiers was trapped in a mountain pass. "That comes from putting all your Basques in one exit," he observed. Not long ago an acquaintance brought him news that a mutual friend, a doctor, had become a naval surgeon. Herkimer looked startled. "My!" he commented. "What a specialist!"

He has, of course, precipitated more than one crisis at his club. One day, when the recent death of the Central Park gnu was mentioned, Herkimer cheerfully remarked: "Well, no gnus is good news." A fellow member shot out of his chair and roared, "You ain't lion!" and panda-monium broke loose.

I went with Herkimer to a night club—once. The first thing he did was ask the proprietor to take up the rug; said he wanted to see the floor show. When his wife, teasing him for failing to ask her to dance, said, "You aren't as gallant as you were when a boy," he replied, "Well, you aren't as buoyant as you were when a gal. You can't eat your cake and have 'it' too." Later, watching a beautiful Spanish dancer, he referred to her as "a snare Andalusian." And finally, just before I left, he insisted on singing a couple of his old favorites: "Gorilla My Dreams, I Love You," and "Orange Juice Sorry You Made Me Cry?"

No single language is big enough to hold Herkimer within its boundaries. Once while carving a boiled tongue, he had the rare fortune of seeing it slide off the platter onto the floor. "A *lapsis linguae,*" he mused, "a slip of the tongue." When a neighbor's irritable Pomeranian barked at him while he was digging potatoes in his victory garden, he gleefully booted the pup and remarked blithely: "When I dig potatoes, I have no intention of letting a Pom de terre me!" You can imagine water melon-choly pooch slunk away after that one, probably thinking, "He who puns, artichoke."

Once, in a dreamy, punsive mood, Herkimer observed: "A cigarette cough is the hack that precedes the hearse." That was raleigh a lucky strike; few of his puns are as Chesterfieldian as that, and often they just come out pell mell. On one occasion Herkimer's dinner hostess set her table in the garden quite a distance from the kitchen, and when the soup arrived it was cold. "What this garden needs," chirped Herkimer, "is a soup-tureenean passage."

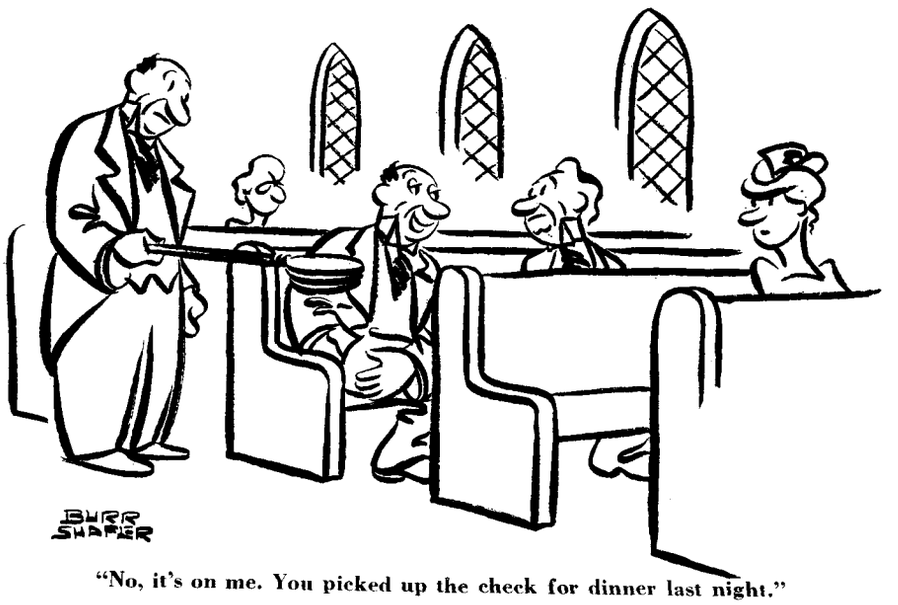
Even when Herkimer is silent for a few blessed moments, you can't really enjoy the respite. You know he is preparing to penetrate a double-barreled pun. At a recent dinner party the conversation turned to a discussion of social conditions in Russia. Herkimer gazed at the company with only a vacant smile on his lips until he had his punderbuss all loaded. Then he snapped both triggers: "They do not take steppes in Russia to establish insane asylums," he said, "because there are nomad people there." A collection was instantly taken up to buy Herkimer a house on the Bug River.

Though essentially a clean-living fellow, Herkimer sometimes cannot resist a dash of the risque. At a cocktail party once he noticed a young girl flirting madly with one of the other guests, and upon her departure he addressed the lucky chap as follows: "Clearly she's just etching to come up and see you. Why didn't you drive her home? Even the best of friends must park, you know." When a 70-year-old friend of his, having married a lady half his age, confided to Herkimer that he was not to be blessed with an heir, opportunity leered. "You," he quipped, "are heir-minded but not heir-conditioned."

Herkimer Howe is both a lesson and a warning. I need not belabor the point that he is but one of a numerous species. Not even the blight of society's censure has stamped out punsters; in weedy riot they crowd out flowers of a more delicate wit. Perhaps Herkimer's friends and acquaintances have arrived at the best solution for the problem. Recently they banded together to petition Washington to inaugurate, without delay, a national pun-clearance program. The nation needs it—and Howe!

We ran across a lad not long ago who is going to get along all right in this old world. Taunted by someone because of an inordinate number of freckles on his face, he replied good-naturedly:

"They ain't freckles. Y' see, I've been goin' swimmin' 'most every day, and them spots is just my iron constitution rustin' on me!"—*Quote.*



"No, it's on me. You picked up the check for dinner last night."

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THE NON-OBLITERATORS

THE English writer, Vera Brittain, has become the spearhead of a movement in England and in this country directed against the mass air attacks of enemy cities, which she describes as "obliteration bombings." It is as yet impossible to gauge fully the strength or composition of this movement, but its supporters have attracted a number of prominent writers and clergymen, among them Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard, Norman Thomas, Ralph Sockman, Rufus Jones, and Josephine Johnson.

Miss Brittain's leadership—spiritual rather than formal—is the result of a short manuscript published by her in London under the title "Seeds of Chaos," and recently republished in this country by the Fellowship of Reconciliation under the title, "Massacre by Bombing," with the subtitle, "The Facts Behind the British-American Attack on Germany." It is frequently risky and always impertinent to attempt to summarize the viewpoints of someone you disagree with violently, as we do with Miss Brittain, but we hope we do her no injustice in saying that her argument follows roughly along these lines:

(1) That there is certainly no moral justification for the bombings, and little if any military justification.

(2) That nothing less than the absolute certainty of victory could possibly be used as an argument in favor of the bombings, especially in view of a statement by Prime Minister Churchill that they are only an "experiment."

(3) That German morale under the mass bombings is becoming stronger rather than weaker, and that the will to resist, far from being impaired, is growing in resolution and intensity.

(4) That we are constructing a solid wall of hate and desire for revenge against us on the part of the German people.

As a "literary" journal, we feel justified in venturing to discuss this subject, as well as Miss Brittain's arguments, not only for the reason that the debate is of literary origin, but because we live at a time when old boundaries separating the artist from the issues of the day have completely broken down, and when his is the responsibility for making his full contribution to a world in process of change where he hopes the changes will be for the better.

In order to take issue with Miss Brittain, it should not be necessary to prove that we are not automatically rip-snorting, cold-blooded advocates of death from the sky. The thought of dynamite being rained down upon human beings is, to us, a sickening thought. The thought of dwellings being bombed, and people in them, is, to us, a sickening thought. The thought of buildings and churches and monuments and universities and schools and museums being scattered into piles of rubble is, to us, a sickening thought. It sickens us no less than it does Miss Brittain. And let no one feel that his side and only his side holds a first mortgage upon human decency and moral virtue in this discussion. For the issues here are not between humanity on one side and ruthless terrorism on the other. It is not so simple as that, any more than war itself is simple—granted that we all know how war is and how war works.

WE agree with Miss Brittain that we *do* have a moral responsibility in this war. We have the moral responsibility to avoid *unleashing* such terrors of warfare as mass bombing of cities, poison gas, bacteriological warfare, and whatever other scientific hells may yet be devised to bring war closer to the point where only a single button may be all that will have to be pushed in order to destroy and extinguish, utterly and ruthlessly, every human being, every building, every tree and plant, of an entire nation—with the only question being who will get to the button first, the enemy or ourselves. We have argued in these pages, for example, against the proposal by the *Chicago Tribune* that we employ poison gas against the enemy. But once the enemy *starts* it, it becomes no longer a moral but a military question, no longer a matter of argument but a matter of action.

The weapons have been dictated by the enemy. And the only question remaining is whether we can beat the enemy at a type of warfare which he has made inevitable because he himself has initiated it.

Make no mistake about it. The bombing of Berlin and Hamburg and Schweinfurt and Leipzig and Bremen was not ordered by the American people or by the British people or our military leaders. It was ordered by the Nazis themselves. It was ordered at Rotterdam and Warsaw and Coventry and Manchester and London; and now that the order is being filled, only the Nazis are in a position to tell us whether it is being filled adequately.

That is why we say that the decision to continue mass bombing of enemy cities is not up to us anymore. It is up to Germany. If Germany dislikes these bombings, if she would prefer that we cease and desist, she has only to tell us that she has had enough. Until that time, we should not like to take the presumptuous responsibility of telling our military leaders what kind of war to fight. We must look to the military, too, for the answer concerning whether it would be possible to achieve our objectives by other means.

But perhaps Miss Brittain has other means she would like to suggest. When she tells us what that alternative is, we hope she will tell us how we can get directly at the heart of German industrial production, located primarily in cities, if not by air. We hope she bears in mind, while suggesting her alternative, that the success of the invasion of the Continent from the West, with hundreds of thousands of American lives at stake, will be in direct proportion to our ability to continue to smash the production and communication lines that keep the German military machine going. And when Miss Brittain suggests her alternative, we hope she will tell us whether the industrial workers who make the weapons used against us are to be given special immunity—an immunity which will enable Germany to undertake bigger and better Rotterdams and Coventrys.

As for Miss Brittain's argument that Mr. Churchill has described the bombings as an "experiment" ("The experiment is well worth trying so long as others measures are not excluded"), we are afraid that Miss Brittain is trying to make too much capital out of the Churchillian relish for understatement and irony. But even taking that statement literally, the fact remains that everything in this war is an experiment; that the landings in Africa and Sicily and Italy were experiments; that nothing can be cer-

(*Continued on page* 26)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Reunion with Frances

SIR: By an inexplicable slip of the pen, in my review of Hervey Allen's "Bedford Village," I referred to his hero, Salathiel Albine, as reunited near the end of the book, to Jane Sligo (who figures in "The Forest and the Fort"), when the reunion was actually with Frances O'Toole (an equally unfortunate figure who also played a part in "The Forest and the Fort"). The matter is of no great importance, but a book so scrupulously and commendably accurate in historical matters as Mr. Allen's deserves an equally accurate review.

ALLAN NEVINS.

Columbia University, N. Y.

Little Willie

SIR: In the article of Dorothy Wynn Downes ["Do You Remember Little Willie?" *SRL,* March 25] she names Miss Julia A. Moore as author of "Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick," and gives 1876 as the date when published.

My father, Burt W. Baker, County Superintendent of Schools of Merrick County, Nebraska, purchased a book about 1880 entitled "Out of the Hurly Burly," written by Max Adeler, which book contained that bit of verse and other similar doggerel said to have been used to enliven the obituary columns of a country newspaper. One of the companion pieces ran about as follows:

Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith,
They blistered and they bled him
With squills and anti-phlogistic pills
And ipecac they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel;
They tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul
Was wafted o'er the river.

From much reading, our copy of Mr. Adeler's book was worn out many years ago and we have never been able to find another. Some of your readers may have a copy and be able to tell us who is the author of that jingle.

LEE L. BAKER.

Clearwater, Fla.

SIR: Little Willie did not burst upon the world without predecessors. My mother spent an adolescent season in Concord, Mass., in the early 1850's, when Concord was a center of progressive ideas. One of those ideas was that erring children should be corrected by rational admonition, not by irrational violence. Therefore, the following verses were composed, and were current in Concord that season:

Sammy lighted a lucifer match,
And with it set fire to a farmer's thatch;
The farmer's house to the ground was brought;

"Who was it said, 'Never have so many owed so little to so few?'"

"O, Sam!" said the farmer, "you didn't ought."
"Margaret, where is your sister? tell."
"Ma, I pushed her into the well."
"Why, Margaret! I thought you loved her dearly;
'Twas very cross of you, Margaret, really."

(My memory fails) jumped out of bed,
He ran to his sister and cut off her head.
This gave his dear mother a great deal of pain;
She hopes that he never will do so again.

Baby sat on the window-seat;
Mary pushed her into the street.
Baby's brains were dashed out in the area;
And mamma held up her forefinger at Mary.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

SIR: Miss Downes, in her "Willie" collection, only missed one ditty that I remember and added several. I have no idea who wrote the following:

Willie saw a buzz-saw buzz
Like a bike, and thought it was.
Now his corpse is full of nicks—
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

BETSEY GOODRICH MORTON.

Winchester, Mass.

SIR: In connection with the Little Willie rhymes, I remember a parody on one of them that was in The Conning Tower in the New York World. The rhyme parodied as given in your article is as follows:

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before we missed her.
Willie's always up to tricks,
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

The parody went:

Little Willie wrote a book.
Woman was the theme he took.
Woman was his only text.
Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.

MAX L. STOLZ.

Syracuse, N. Y.

SIR: This was always my favorite:

Little Willie
Pair of skates
Hole in the Ice
Golden Gates.

Terse—but true.

P.S.: How we do enjoy "Trade Winds!"

MRS. WM. I. COLE.
JIMMIE A. COLE.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

SIR: There was one "Little Willie" verse that I missed; it used to be popular in the chemical laboratory.

Little Willie's dead
We shall never see him more
For what he drank for H^2O
Was H^2SO^4.

P. WEDLAKE.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Abolish the German Language?

SIR: Dean Emeritus L. W. Smith of Drake University [*SRL,* March 25] has stated that German is not beautiful and does not have a great literature. Might he consider his pronunciamento a contribution to our war effort? Then one should honor his motives. Or did he speak as a scholar?

To refute his grotesque assertions in a letter to you is impossible. Therefore, I shall limit myself to a few questions called forth by his diatribe against German.

Has the Dean an *adequate* knowl-

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edge of German? Did he ever hear of Lessing, of his fight for tolerance, of his keen, flexible, and sparkling style? Has he ever read in the original the brilliant philosophical writings of Schopenhauer or Nietzsche? Does he know something of the great Swiss literature in German? Has he ever heard of the cosmopolitan elegance of the Viennese school? Do names like Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Rilke, George, Thomas Mann, Franz Werfel, Arnold and Stefan Zweig mean anything to him? Is he aware of the homeric laughter caused by his judging Heine's poetry in terms of "American" syntax and provincial esthetics?

WILLIAM K. PFEILER.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

SIR: Dean Smith, in his letter [*SRL*, March 25] makes hash of literary criticism.

That "*Dass ich so traurig bin*" fails as poetry when rendered *That I so cheerless (sad) am,* has no bearing on whether it is good German poetry. It is just an old sow. Not all *poetry* of poetry is untranslatable. It is like turning Francis Thompson's "Snowflake" to water: in the first one poetry exists,—in the second, at least the possibility of a different poetry.

As an example, take a piece of purest poetry from Shakespeare:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank"—and set it word for word into German. *Where* has the poetry gone? The words just don't mean the same thing, said in German.

Regarding his next paragraph, I ask but one rhetorical question. Is Dean Smith objective when comparing Goethe to make the comparison on "Werther" and not mention "Faust" or *Mignons leider?* To contrast a masterpiece of English prose, "Tom Jones," with an admittedly lesser German work, "Werther," seems to be making the selection for comparison with a view to the desired contrast. To get back to Goethe, shall we contrast "Faust," his masterpiece, with a Tragedy of Coleridge, "Remorse," and ignore the fact that Coleridge also wrote "Kubla Khan" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? Of course not.

As for the student who didn't like the German short story that Dean Smith gave him—well, maybe he just didn't like it. That happens to all of us. The student had but one story and there exist thousands. And note well the German professor's opinion of the story remains good. It is only the student (and Dean S., of course) who dislikes it. I hope the student has since read some of Werfel's short stories and some of Mann's short and slightly longer ones.

I shouldn't have said that last thing. Dean Smith will think I am prejudiced in favor of the German. At the risk of protesting too much I will say, sincerely, I am not (either *prejudiced* or *his truly*).

WM. MOOS, JR.

St. Cloud, Minn.

SIR: Dean Smith's story of the student who didn't find that the German short story was as good as the French or the American one, of the professor of German who asserted that the story was a good story—"as no doubt German stories went," well, it proves something if not what Prof. Smith wanted it to prove. It proves a sad fact: that the people who have taught German at the colleges and universities in this country were very often not only ignorant but, much worse, profound bores. I heard of one professor of German, teaching at one of New York's highly praised learned institutions to whom German literature ended with the year 1890. He gave his class reading material that had been only material for parodies in Germany for many years.

Any person with only a slight knowledge of comparative world literature will readily admit that the German short story has never been developed to the same perfection as has the French and the Anglo-Saxon short story. I'm willing to yield this point. But to prove that there is no "Great German literature" in the sense "in which Greek, French, Russian, English, or American literature is great" is another matter.

It does not behoove me to defend Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Others have done so quite successfully, among them an English writer called Carlyle and an American named R. W. Emerson.

It also remains to be seen whether modern French, Russian, or Anglo-Saxon literature has produced so many great writers that we can dismiss Thomas Mann or Franz Werfel as inferior to their contemporaries. If one were to make a chart of truly great novelists the score would be rather even for Russia, France, Germany, and the Anglo-Saxon countries. I think we had better not involve the Greeks in this debate—they have no short stories, of course, and no novels to speak of, and their drama will score higher than the Russians, the French, and the Americans. In this competition I dare mention only Shakespeare and the "Faust." Even George Jean Nathan hasn't discovered a Broadway Sophocles.

The most baffling point, however, was the quotation of a badly translated half-verse by Heine in order to prove that there never was any good German poetry. Here, of course, we enter the dangerous realm of the irrational, the incomparable, the untranslatable. I have heard French professors abuse all Anglo-Saxon poetry because they only knew mediocre French translations. It has taken me many years to be able to appreciate—and to differentiate—modern American poetry. I think—and I'm ready to prove it, even if it takes six letters to the *SRL*—that Goethe's poems are as good as any written in French, English, or Greek.

The fight about "Which Literature is Greater" is all too reminiscent of the street battles of the six-year-old boys that usually end with the outcry: "But my brother is bigger than yours!"

RICHARD R. PLANT.

New York, N. Y.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

MOTHERS IN LITERATURE

Margaret Thomsen Raymond, author of children's books, submits this week's quiz on Mothers in Literature. Can you identify the mothers described below and the story in which they appeared? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 27.

1. What mother, as she lay dying, ran her hand despairingly over the club foot of her small son?
2. What mother founded the family fortune with jewels looted during a rebellion, yet was forced to give up the only part she had kept for herself—a pair of pearls—as a gift for her husband's new mistress?
3. What mother piled up a fortune in real estate, yet made her son peddle papers in a painful pair of shoes handed down from an older brother?
4. What mother, who looked only 17 although she was considerably older, caused a lover's quarrel when she was found in the embrace of her 25-year-old son by the latter's fiancee?
5. What mother invoked unforgettable words of love and loyalty from her daughter-in-law, who promised to leave her own people and accompany the former to a strange land?
6. What human mother deserted one of the "kings of the sea" and her sea children to go back to a white-wall'd town and the little grey church on the windy shore?
7. What mother, with logic and some resulting hilarity, threw a shoe through the window of a neighbor's house when an imaginary burglar creaked around the dining-room table downstairs in her own house?
8. What mother persuaded her four not-too-well-fed daughters to share their Christmas breakfast with an indigent neighbor?
9. What mother of four sons insisted on her husband's being baptized in order to sanctify and regularize her own very conventional marriage?
10. What mother gave her daughters the "geographical" names of Asia, Australia, and Europeena?

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Jittery Sanctuary

JITTER RUN. By Robert Germann. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1944. 215 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

DOWN below the Potomac, among the poll taxes and the mint juleps, the Jitters are having a wonderful time. Ancestral lands may have been sold around the great house with its architecturally diverse wings in order to pay contemporary liquor bills. But life among the Jitters, equally endowed with ancestors and eccentricities, is at once tumultous and serene. Colonel Jitter (the title is hereditary) does not care whether or not he and his dog Shiftless bring back rabbits from the hunt. He and his Molly are content among their brood. There is Owen Glendower Jitter, ominously and happily spouting Shakespeare. There are the twins, throwing each other out of windows and molesting the maids. There is Cyril who alone works and loves the land and often has much of it on his person. There is Harewood, frequently home on visiting escapes from the penitentiary. There is pretty, precious Jane. There are also the Juniors—five of them—all the illegitimate results of the Colonel's lusty youth.

As if the Jitters were not enough, Mr. Germann has added a hero escaping from a combination of cops and gangsters to Jittery sanctuary. He has also added plenty of whiskey, an attempt at corpse snatching, poker playing, flood, murder, forgery, and mass matrimony. As slapstick satire of recent literature from the late Confederate States, the book is certainly a vigorously flung piece of custard pie in the face of William Faulkner *et al.* Altogether it is a ripsnorting and root-in-tootin tale but its level of ludicrousness is always so high that there is hardly room for a real laugh to rise above it. It might be funnier if the lazy Jitters didn't work quite so hard at the business of being ridiculous all the time.

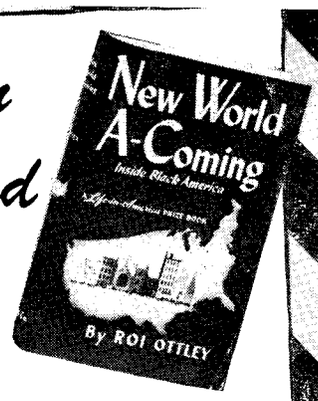
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 523)

ROBERTS:
*(A FEW) REMARKS ON EXERCISES**

As I understand Spiral Thought exercises, one places himself in a well-balanced, alert position. Thus poised, one thinks of his diaphragm or cosmos as a figure eight, and images a sort of current spiraling around its outlines.

*From "For Authors Only and Other Gloomy Essays."

In presenting an Anisfield Award to **ROI OTTLEY,** *author of*



New World A-Coming

the board of judges said:

"A remarkable achievement in that it is a thoughtful and provocative study in race relations which is at the same time so colorful and entertaining that it has been outstandingly successful in the popular market . . . Mr. Ottley conveys eloquently to the reader what the Negro in America feels about being a Negro; what he is thinking on present problems, who are his leaders and his heroes, and what are his resentments and his aspirations. The book maintains a good-humored and objective viewpoint, avoiding both bitterness and pedantry, but nevertheless it is charged with the Negro's new feeling of urgency and his welling determination to over-ride the barriers which discrimination and double standards have set up against him and to take his proper place in this American democracy."

$3.00

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TRADE Winds

A SECRET EPISODE in Stephen Crane's life, so zealously guarded that Tom Beer didn't dare include it in his supposedly authoritative biography, is revealed in the most casual manner in "The St. Johns," a contribution to Farrar and Rinehart's "Rivers of America" series by Branch Cabell and A. J. Hanna. This, in short, is the story. There lived in Jacksonville near the close of the last century a young lady who was no shining pillar of virginity and who called herself Cora Taylor. The establishment where she dispensed hospitality bore the elegant name of "Hotel de Dream." A short while before the outbreak of the Cuban War, the New York papers sent a half dozen of their crack correspondents to look after it. They made "Jax" their base of operations. Richard Harding Davis and Frederick Palmer were the best known of the lot; Stephen Crane the youngest. He was described by a local physician as "a slow talker, who never said anything pleasant about anybody, and whose appearance wouldn't have been hurt any by a clean shirt."

At any rate, Cora Taylor fell head over heels in love with the morose young Crane, persuaded him to write in story form an experience he had described to her (it was the memorable "The Open Boat"), and a few years later, when she heard he was sick in far off Greece, packed up and followed him. She nursed him back to health, and married him. The former proprietress of the Hotel de Dream thus found herself associating with Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and Lady Randolph Churchill! When Stephen Crane died in 1900, however, he left his widow nary a penny. Without further ado, she headed straight back for Jacksonville, and resumed her old profession. Her new establishment, "The Court," was the showiest and most elegant in town. On one wall hung a portrait of Stephen Crane, whom she referred to as "one of my better husbands." On a table beneath it rested a copy of "The Red Badge of Courage." . . .

"The St. Johns" contains an epilogue "in the form of an altercation" between Cabell and Hanna, in which the latter reveals that the Crane anecdote was none of his contriving. "I firmly objected," he says, "to ending the book with Cora Crane's story, which impresses me as being alike tragic and farcical. I find, in fact, this abhorrent chapter to be a recital of quite trashy stuff, the sole purpose of which can be to reveal a most sordid episode." To this Mr. Cabell replies with a lofty "It involves human nature, I admit, and that, except in fireside chats, is not always immaculate." . . . This is the kind of answer that is known by readers of *Variety* as a "brusheroo." . . .

MAYBE YOU NOTICED an ad in the "Help Wanted" column of *The Times* some time ago that read:

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED

by the literary life, if you like to work in a place where good books and magazines, celebrated authors, and rising celebrities are all over the tables and chairs, you may be the housekeeper and cook we've been waiting for. You see, we're an editorial couple with 2 children and an able and pleasant nurse who takes full charge of them. We live in a modern streamlined apartment and we pay the going wages. Your room has a southern exposure, a radio, a full-size bathroom attached. And it's ready for you right now. S 325 *Times*.

The man was once a prominent advertising copy writer, and his wife taunted him into using his old skill to land a cook. The "ad" drew fifty-three replies! One of them read, "I'm not only a good cook, but I also write bad short stories. I think it would be a great idea to work for an editor, for then my stories could be rejected right on the spot." She got the job. Still there, too, and a full three months have gone by. . . .

CONRAD NAGEL started something when he read Arthur Guiterman's "Little Lost Pup" over C. B. S. Dutton's telephone was ringing when the office opened the next morning and hasn't stopped yet. The poem is included in the volume called "Death and General Putnam," and these are the first few lines:

He was lost!—not a shade of a doubt
of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the
wind blew raw
With a drooping ear and a trembling
paw
And a mournful look in his pleading
eye
And a plaintive sniff at the passer-by
That begged as plain as a tongue could
sue,
"O Mister! please may I follow you?"
A lorn wee waif of a tawny brown
Adrift in the roar of a heedless
town,—
Oh, the saddest of sights in a world
of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked
in! . . .

A STAFF ARTIST of a local newspaper was sketching some of the inductees at a Southern training camp. One of his models remarked that he did a little drawing himself. "What's your name?" asked the artist. "Charles Addams," said the soldier. "Not the man who did 'Drawn and Quartered'!" the artist exclaimed. "The same," admitted Addams. "But please don't breathe a word about it—or they'll transfer me to drawing posters for the rest of the war!" . . . Addams has redrawn his famous picture of the lady skier who left tracks on either side of a big tree over a hundred times for admirers who insisted on having "the original." . . . There was a novelist in the halcyon days of Horace Liveright who received a letter one day offering him a thousand dollars for the typescript of his best-selling novel. Unfortunately, the novelist had destroyed the script. The magazine he was editing was short of funds, however, and the opportunity was too good to miss. He hired three girls to sit up all night retyping the story from a printed copy. The next morning he added a few marginal notes and changes in ink, mailed the script and everybody lived happily until a month or so later, when the magazine ran out of funds again. . . . I remember another incident in the Liveright office that occurred at about the same time. Willard Huntington Wright, co-editor of the old *Smart Set* magazine with Mencken and Nathan, called one morning and said his doctor had suggested that he try his hand at a detective story to amuse himself while he was convalescing from a serious illness. Would Liveright be interested? "What on earth does a man like you know about detective stories?" scoffed Liveright. "Go home and do a monograph on Chinese pottery. That's more in your line." So Wright went home, and under the pseudonymn of S. S. Van Dine, wrote a half dozen murder stories that sold over a million copies in all. . . . Personally, I must confess that I never understood the enormous vogue for Van Dine's irritating detective creation, Philo Vance. The moment the good Philo entered a case you could bet your bottom dollar that pretty nearly everybody in the cast was going to be popped off before he put his finger on the real culprit. Often he and the killer were about the only characters left! . . .

THE BOYS in the South Pacific retain their sense of humor. One writes, "I am raising quite a beard on the instalment plan: a little down at a time." Another explained his plight in a note of exactly four words: "Long time no she." . . . Newspaper editors joke about the exaggerations of publishers' publicity representatives and

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"I adore reading your novels, Mr. Arbutus. Won't you just write a little something I can keep and cherish for my very own?"

rather expect numbers of editions and copies in same to be a bit on the fanciful side. Motion picture press departments, however, sometimes distort facts altogether in their frenzied efforts to get the names of their products into print. They turn ballyhoo into bally nonsense. RKO, for instance, recently gave the *Hollywood Reporter* the news that it had purchased George M. Cohan's "greatest comedy hit," "Pigeons and People," "which was an outstanding Broadway attraction in 1933." The truth of the matter is that "Pigeons and People" was one of the most discouraging failures in Cohan's career, and was yanked off the boards after a forced run of seventy performances in New York. It was this debacle that shook Cohan's faith in his ability to write any more successful plays; a few months later he spoke another author's lines on the stage for the first time since he was a boy. The play was "Ah Wilderness!" by Eugene O'Neill. . . . Broadway boasts one press agent who, for erudition, vocabulary, imagination, and all-around gall, is unmatched from coast to coast. Richard Maney is his name, and a book could and probably will be written about his exploits. I saved this typical release of Mr. Maney's, manufactured from whole cloth one day last summer when wilted drama editors were praying for a bit of gossip of any description to help fill their columns:

> Fluff and Folderol Department. The forty-fourth anniversary of the historic charge of the Roughriders up San Juan Hill, inspiration for the lunatic conduct of the Brewster who thinks he's Teddy Roosevelt in "Arsenic and Old Lace," will be eccentrically observed by the management today. The Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse, their aides, attachés, native beaters, camp followers and equerries—box-office staff alone excluded—will uncover and stand at attention for ninety seconds at high noon today at the Fulton Theatre." . . . (It's at the Hudson now.—adv.)

. . .

ZIFF-DAVIS publish an unusual book in "Talk American," by Louis and Marguerite Herman, designed as "a practical guide for eliminating a German accent." The Eighth Army Air Force is engaged in a similar project. . . . Jimmie Starr, the Hollywood columnist who writes murder stories while waiting to interview tardy glamour girls, is no slouch at picking titles. His current opus is "The Corpse Came C. O. D."; coming up: "Three Short Biers." . . . Gossips in Publishers' Row insist that "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" was originally submitted as an autobiography in a Harper literary contest. If this is true, the editor who persuaded Betty Smith to turn it into novel form rates a few bows and public recognition. . . . When Billy Phelps died, he left his library to Yale. Now a committee headed by Wilbur Cross, Somerset Maugham, Edna Ferber, Chauncey Tinker, and John Kieran, is raising a fund to keep that library up to date by the annual addition of the kind of new books he always sponsored so effectively. If you would like to contribute to the memorial fund, address Box 1603A, Yale Station, New Haven.

. . .

A YOUNG BANKER recently picked up the telephone in his office. His end of the ensuing conversation went as follows: "No. NO. No, no, no. YES. No. No." With a final explosive "NO" he hung up. The head of his firm overheard him. "What was the idea of saying 'yes' to that fellow?" he chided. "I had to," answered his junior morosely. "He asked me if I could hear him."

BENNETT CERF.

These hills kept the world out—and happiness in!

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The Revival of the Christian Mission

THE GREAT CENTURY IN NORTHERN AFRICA AND IN ASIA. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1944. 502 *pp., with bibliography, maps, index.* $4.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

PROFESSOR LATOURETTE has been laboring since 1937 on his grand-scale, scrupulously detailed "History of the Expansion of Christianity." The "Great Century in Northern Africa and in Asia" is the sixth and next-to-last in a notable series; the final volume, now under preparation, will be a summary and interpretation. When the project is done, it will stand as a monument to exhaustive scholarship, as a source for all future studies of the first nineteen centuries of Christendom's spread.

From his chair as D. Willis James Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University, the author has reached into records scattered over the world. The "great century" is, roughly, the nineteenth (1880-1914). In those years, says Professor Latourette, Protestant and Roman Catholic missionary effort experienced a striking "revival." The upsurge coincided with the Occident's great industrial revolution and unequaled imperialistic push into Africa and Asia. It coincided, too, with a period of relative widespread political weakness in the Orient. Christendom never had a more challenging opportunity.

Methodically, meticulously, Professor Latourette examines Christian proselytism from Africa's Rio de Oro to Asia's Japan. No endeavor, whatever its sect, from the Nestorians to the Discalced Carmelite Sisters, is too humble to escape his notice. The scholar complains of the abundance of his material, of the ruthless condensation he practises. One wishes (though scholarship would be the loser) that he might have sacrificed some of the dry-as-dust catalogue for more flesh-and-bone stuff. For example, he carefully records that the first bishop at Algiers was Antoine Adolphe Dupuch, who "encountered difficulties with the civil and military authorities, partly because he wished to begin missions among the Moslems." Nothing is told beyond this bare fact: one wonders if the bishop was fat or thin, choleric or mild, and how he bore his burden.

From North Africa Professor Latourette proceeds to Western Asia, where Christianity was born. Deftly he sets the missionary effort against a broadly stroked background of historical events. He strides across India, compares it neatly and compactly with Europe (both are crowded, nation-river, land masses jutting from the Eurasian continent), lists many an item such as this: "In 1893 the Anglican Diocese of Lucknow was created for the episcopal care of the growing enterprises of the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts in the United Provinces of the valley of the Ganges." From India the course is Ceylon, Indo-China, China (resistant to missionaries until the century's last decade), Japan (where, save for a flurry of Russian Orthodox activity, scant headway was made), Korea, and Siberia.

The excursion done, Professor Latourette draws tight and reasonable conclusions: The nineteenth century saw Christianity make vigorous strides in the Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, Confucian, and Shinto domains. True, the missionaries marched in the trail of Western cannon and commerce, but they had a new élan after comparatively static centuries. In numbers they did not make mass conversions. But in ideas—in the far-reaching fields of education, health, morals, social relations—they had as yeasty, and perhaps more enduring, effect than cheap hardware, autos, and guns.

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A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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Irish Fiction

HANRAHAN'S DAUGHTER. By Patrick Purcell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1944. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

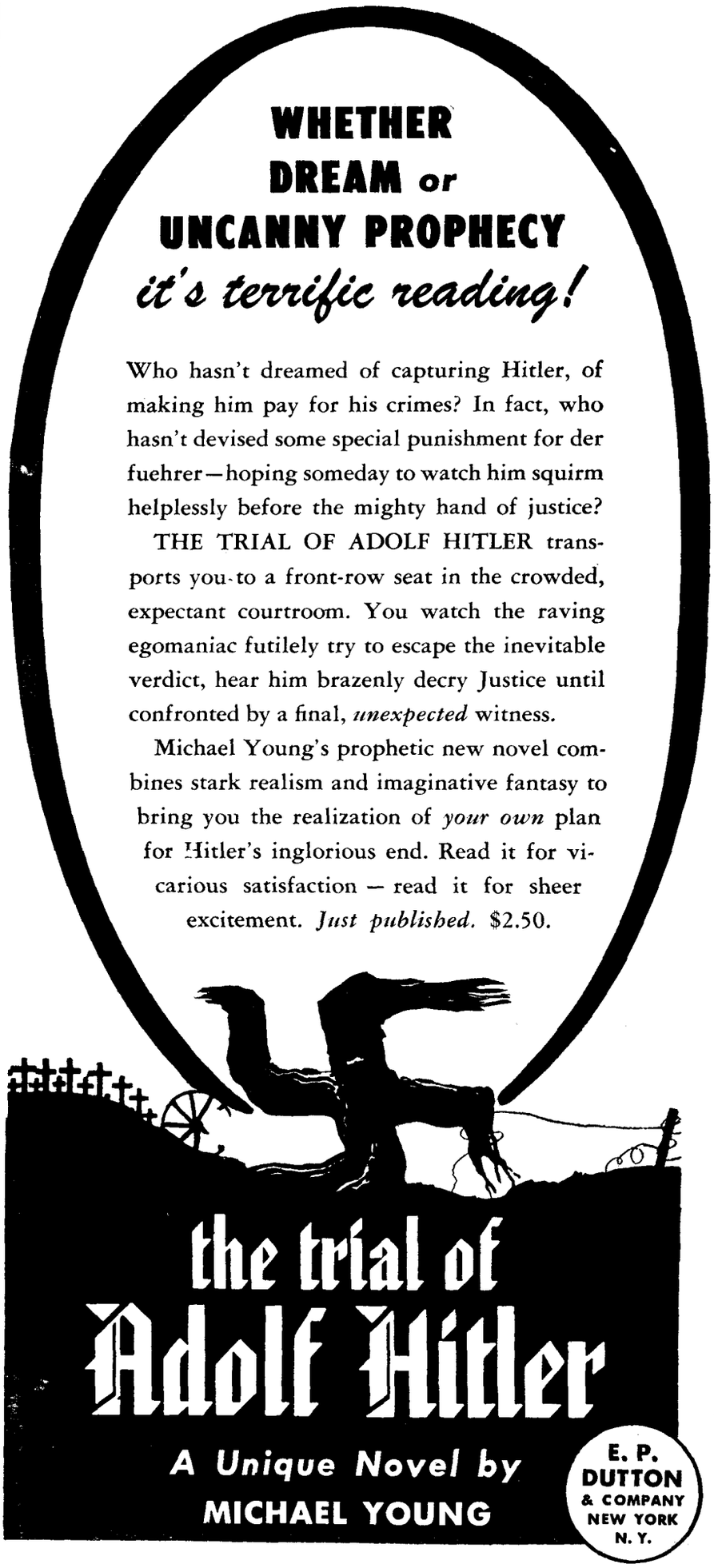
LANDSLIDE. By Stephen Gilbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 249 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NO international troubles, one trusts, can isolate Irish literature. Indeed it would be a bad day for Irish authors who must still depend, as do those of other small countries, on an audience outside their own land. It is good to welcome two new recruits to the Irish novel; Patrick Purcell belongs to County Kilkenny, and his novel is a story of farming life, of hurling, of dog-races, of marriage-markets, and of a love-affair so tender and innocent that one can almost forgive the rather creaking machinery of misunderstandings, postponements, and reconciliations between Joe Doyle and Esther Hanrahan. Mr. Purcell has made one major mistake in giving Doyle the story to write: few tales could be less suited to the first person narrative. Joe Doyle is forced to appear more of a blundering ass than is right for a gallant lover, deserting a girl who loves him because her fortune is larger than his.

Still it is the village of Carrigmichael, the men and women talking and scheming, telling tales, boasting, and wheedling that gives "Hanrahan's Daughter" a character as Irish and as dear as peat-smoke, and the gracious rain-washed green and, now and then, as risky as a quaking bog. But Mr. Purcell is kind to his less attractive characters. The bite of Uncle Malachy Corcoran and his wife, Aunt Matilda, is but a kind of brogue, a sharpness of accent that needn't lead to any real harm. The hurlers are convincing, and even to one ignorant of the game Mr. Purcell's description of a match is as vivid and exciting as his account of the country dance where Joe loses his head again over Esther Hanrahan.

I suppose there could be a bad book with a dragon in it, but I've never met one. Of modern dragons there is Kenneth Grahame's friendly and reluctant worm, which recently met Mr. Robert Benchley and Mr. Walt Disney, and the last war produced that neglected little masterpiece Max Beerbohm's "The Dreadful Dragon of Hay Hill." Mr. Stephen Gilbert's pathetic and ill-treated dragon can make a modest proposal to share honors. He is more like the great dragon, called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Tarasque, whom Saint Martha captured with a bowl of milk and led into the town afterwards called Tarascon. Alas! Mr. Gilbert's dragon meets with no such kindly treatment from the church. When little Wolfe first sees him and the great sea-serpent he tells no one but his grandfather, a wise old Christian who knows how unkind Christians can be. It was a hot summer that year in Ireland, and a strange new valley appeared in the sea. There were to be found beasts who had roamed the earth, even that Irish land, when it was always hot, hot even in the sluggish, muddy water; beasts who in some way had been kept in a subterranean refuge when the colder climate came. They know men and fear them: but the dragon, who can read thoughts, loves Wolfe who delights in him, and Wolfe's grandfather; and when the terrified villagers, howling "wizard" and "demon," force them to leave the village, Wolfe and his grandfather settle down with the dragon and the other beasts. The priest, Father Binyon, isn't sure. He's not ignorant nor superstitious; but he is disturbed at this Eden-like world in which there is no hate, until men introduce it. It were a shame to tell the climax of the story, at once tragic and beautiful. Mr. Gilbert writes a clear and simple prose and has the rare gift of imposing belief on his readers, unless they are altogether deaf to fantasy.

With an Eye on Grizzlies

MEET MR. GRIZZLY. By Montague Stevens. Albuquerque: The University of New Mexico Press. 1944. 281 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALAN DEVOE

FROM the title of this book, the work might reasonably be expected to be a detailed study of the natural history of the grizzly bear. It is not that. In a sub-title it is called "A Saga on the Passing of the Grizzly," and this brings us a little closer to understanding, but not much. What the book really turns out to be is a volume of all sorts of ranch-house reminiscings, outdoors adventures, and hunting lore, now set down in his eighty-fifth year by a fine old stalwart who settled in the Datil Mountains of Western New Mexico more than sixty years ago, and who has a vast variety of yarns to spin not only about his keenest passion—hunting grizzlies—but also about bronco-busting, panthers, horse-thieves, cattle rustlers, Apaches on the warpath, and other aspects of life in the old wild West.

Montague Stevens, an Englishman born in India in 1859, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. After his graduation, in 1881, he came to the United States and took up, surprisingly enough, a career as frontier rancher, guide, and Indian hunter for the United States Army. He hunted grizzlies and he kept an eye on the Apache. He entertained General Nelson A. Miles, in whose company he is shown in Frederic Remington's painting of "The Bear Hunt," which is fittingly reproduced as frontispiece in this book. He devised new techniques for hunting grizzlies with bloodhounds; he became expert in everything having to do with a horse or a dog or a rifle; he became and has remained, in short, a kind of boots-and-saddles outdoorsman, handy with shooting-irons and as wise in animal-ways as an Indian, which the University of Cambridge cannot often have produced. As a final picturesque detail, his doughty huntings of bear and all his other lusty adventurings outdoors have been performed under a grave handicap. Since an early hunting accident, he has had only one arm.

Now, after more than half a century in the West, Montague Stevens sets down the stories of his bear hunts, relives what happened on the trail and around the campfire in the days when Geronimo was still hiding in the Mogollons, and discourses on such matters as dog-training, breaking a bronco without riding it, and what happens when a one-armed hunter crawls into a cave containing a she-grizzly and her cubs. It is grand stuff. Montague Stevens is no mere storyteller, though his book is chock full of robust hunter's yarns. He has been a keen observer of animals, a naturalist instructed by firsthand evidence. Of special interest are his chapters on trailing and snow-tracking. Bloodhounds, he is convinced, are not guided by the scent on the ground, but by a broad band of scent which the quarry leaves behind him in the air. In winter, he says, scent is locked into the snow and becomes undetectable at sub-freezing temperature, but is released and can be picked up by the hounds when thaw comes.

"Meet Mr. Grizzly" is written in a homely, straightforward prose. The weak-stomached should possibly be warned away from it, since hunting means not only shooting but "gutting"; and there is plenty of gutting and other matter-of-fact grisliness in these reminiscences. But for real outdoorsmen these memoirs by a genuine and uncommonly perspicacious old veteran should prove just right.

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Adrenal Magic

STANDING ROOM ONLY. By Elizabeth Fowler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 195 pp. $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

THE powers of endurance latent within a soft human body have been demonstrated again and again during this war but seldom so graphically as in this personal record of what was about as intensely unpleasant a ten days and nights that a woman ever lived through to tell about. In an absorbing account Mrs. Fowler tells of how she spent them on the high seas, squeezed among thirty-four men in a little twenty-six-foot life-boat. Perched upon a narrow ledge, her hair matted with palm oil, her swollen feet dangling unsupported in bilge water, she spent hour after hour through seasickness, pounding rain, blistering sun, freezing night-winds, in clothes sodden from the crashing waves that broke in her lap or poured down her neck, sustained only by hope and a morsel of pemmican with two ounces of tepid, dirty drinking water doled out twice a day. It makes almost unbearable reading at times but in the forthright directness of its telling it becomes so vivid and exciting that once begun it is impossible to put it down.

An American by birth and citizenship, Mrs. Fowler has spent most of her life in England. During the blitz she took her four-year-old daughter to America and rejoined her husband, a doctor in Africa's Gold Coast. A year later, it was in 1942, she persuaded the captain of a freighter with a cargo of palm oil to take her back to the States. The ship with fifty-five men aboard was sunk by a German submarine. In the one intact life-boat were jammed thirty-five persons, among them the staunch little captain and a couple of his officers, a missionary and his eight-year-old son, and a heterogeneous group of crew and passengers, Irish, Italian, Negro, Scotch, all but three American citizens—and Mrs. Fowler. Even harder to bear than the physical discomfort were the hours of crushing despair that followed the hope with which they watched and frantically signaled first a plane and then a ship as they approached, then disappeared beyond the horizon. And then the day when everyone, even the captain, saw land and they celebrated with a double ration of the precious water only to see their island break up hours later into straggling clouds. When at last they sighted Barbados a numbing apathy had descended upon them all. They had almost ceased to care.

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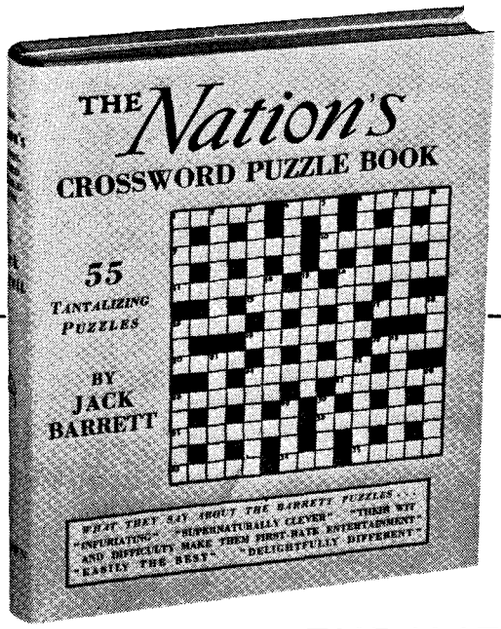

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shipwrecked and adrift for days in a life-boat, here is the answer, told with an almost startling frankness and without the slightest attempt either to soften or overplay situations or characters. That Mrs. Fowler must have kept full control of her head and her nerves throughout is testified by the tribute the officers paid her when she bade them goodbye in Barbados. When she went aboard the freighter, officers, passengers, and crew alike were openly incensed by the presence of a woman. Some would not even speak to her. But when the adventure was over they pressed in her hand a bit of cloth from their sail on which they had written their names, the ship's, and the date of the sinking. "Over my name I read 'To a good shipmate.'"

Living Out of a Moustache Cup

NINE LIVES WITH GRANDFATHER. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Julian Messner. 1944. 236 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOLA E. WILSON

HE was a tall, thin, immaculately dressed old man, "full of eggnog and temper," distinguished for his keen wit, colorful swearing, and frank comment into his white mustaches. He once lived in an old brownstone front located where Rockefeller Center now raises its-sixty-seven stories skyward. That was in the days when matched bays still drew handsome carriages up and down Fifth Avenue and "Gramp relieved his soul by cursing heartily the banging, snorting horseless carts that the Goulds and the Shermans and their ilk were beginning to clutter up the city streets with." To the world at large he was known as Captain Longstreet, for he had fought in the Civil War and had saved the life of General Grant (see "Gramp's Past"); but to one small boy—a chip off the old block if ever there was one—he was simply Gramp.

In that old house off Fifth Avenue, Gramp was the *pater familias* over a group of sons, daughters-in-law, and strings of grandchildren whom he pretended never to be able to recognize. Those he liked he favored; those he disliked he ignored. But one and all knew and bowed to his authority, which seems not to have been too hard to accept.

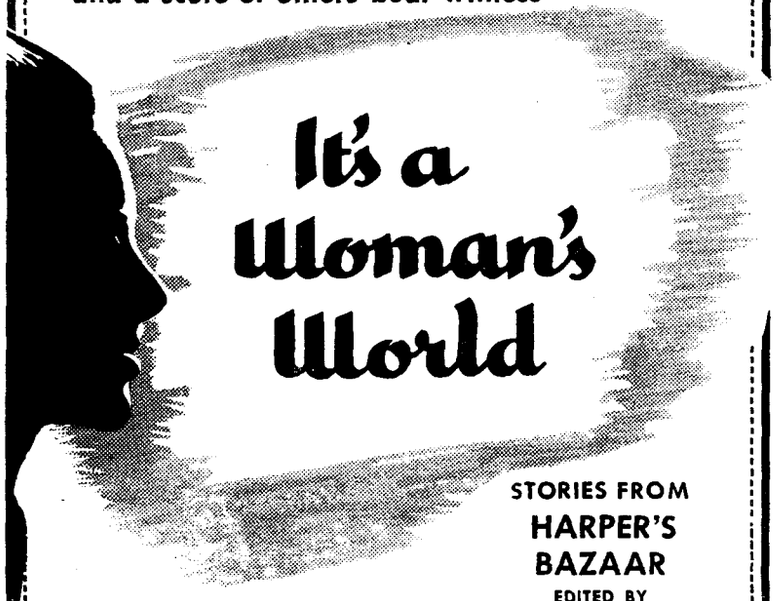
Gramp was a character, a drinking, swearing, high-living old epicure who played more pranks than a schoolboy could think of, used his cane for many purposes other than support, vouchsafed such comments as "Progress is for fools," and generally kept New York and New Jersey in such an uproar that he became a legend long before he left the colorful world that was changing under his feet, whether he liked it or not.

Gramp believed, as he recorded in his notebook, when he thought he was going to write the story of his life, that "'every man has nine times nine lives . . . and most people never use up even one. . . . I am an old man sitting by a tired decade and I have only nine lives left, and I am thinking of writing about my other lives, but writing bores me. I shall not get much done before I die. I shall enjoy the lives left to me. . . .'

"And he did and this book is the story of the last nine lives the old man had and what he did with them" as told, thirty years after the event, by that grandson named Stephen, whom Gramp particularly liked.

It is not a unified whole, but a group of sketches, records of recollections, a truly sophisticated book, funny as only human foibles, fears, and fakes are funny when looked at frankly. It is conversational and informal, has just enough satire for spice, and is just ribald enough to give the squeamish the thrill of impending danger averted. It is filled with a laughing nostalgia for a lusty, robust day, but it is never sentimental. It concerns the wicked, worldly wealthy who lived extravagantly on Fifth Avenue almost a half century ago, portraying each person clearly enough for the reader to draw him—if he can draw.

COLETTE, NANCY HALE, DOROTHY PARKER, KAY BOYLE, VIRGINIA WOOLF, G. B. STERN, MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN, ANITA LOOS, and a score of others bear witness



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Giants of the News Room

POST BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS JOURNALISTS. Edited by John E. Drewry. New York: Random House. A University of Georgia Press Book. 1944. 518 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

HERE is a collection of informal biographical studies of contemporary figures in the newspaper world, all of them headliners in their own right. All the articles originally appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post,* and all of them were written by top-flight journalists. The collection was edited by John E. Drewry, Dean of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. The book was originally published two years ago, one gathers from the copyright entries, by the University of Georgia Press and is now being distributed by Random House.

Five of the studies are the work of Jack Alexander, three of Stanley Walker, two each of Forrest Davis and J. P. McEvoy, and the rest are singles by Hermann B. Deutsch, Roger Butterfield, John Chamberlain, Williston Rich Jr., Gene A. Howe, Alva Johnston, J. Bryan III, Don Marquis, and Tom Wallace. In order of entry, the subjects are Arthur Brisbane, Dorothy Dix, Silliman Evans, Clifton Fadiman, Marshall Field III, George Gallup, Edgar Guest, William Randolph Hearst, Roy Howard, Ed Howe, Sir Wilmott Lewis, Robert R. McCormick, Bernarr McFadden, O. O. McIntyre, Don Marquis, Eleanor Patterson, Westbrook Pegler, Joseph Pulitzer, Herbert Bayard Swope, Dorothy Thompson, Henry Watterson, and Walter Winchell.

There is a variety of treatment and no end of amusement in the volume. Virtually every one of the subjects has his or her human weakness, and the authors always find it. Most of them come off pretty well, however. And there are a few authentic giants among them. It may seem strange, but the three who seem to stand highest are all men who have now passed on—Don Marquis, Joseph Pulitzer, and Henry Watterson.

The Marquis study is autobiographical, which means that it is incomplete and biased. Marquis is too modest. But he shines through these words remarkably well, and anyone who knows what he wrote or knew him as a person will say, "That was Don Marquis who just walked away. I wish he had stayed long enough to tell us the rest of that story."

Jack Alexander's picture of Joseph Pulitzer is up to the usual Alexander mark, which is high. Perhaps it seems better than it is because we are constantly remembering details from the full-length books on Pulitzer and adding them to the outlines which Alexander sets down. Tom Wallace's picture of Henry Watterson is notable because he knew Watterson so well.

Others are worth rereading for particular qualities. The Hermann Deutsch piece on Dorothy Dix has understanding and compassion. Jack Alexander's appraisal of Colonel McCormick is full of bite and wry humor. Gene Howe's piece on his father is almost heart-rending. Why, by the way, didn't somebody catch that typo in the capsule note on Gene which says he writes a column under the name "Old Talk"? Maxine Davis's study of Sir Willmott Lewis sparkles and bubbles. And J. P. McEvoy's piece about Winchell is a downright good example of reporting. So is Forrest Davis's piece on Roy Howard, which has priceless bits of characterization.

It's all good reading, and it probably will find its way into the required reading lists of the journalism schools. Others interested in brief biography will find in it some excellent examples of how to sum up a character in 5,000 words, more or less.

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THE CRIME CLUB

THE NON-OBLITERATORS

(*Continued from page* 14)

tain in war except a determination to see it through, whatever the cost to ourselves or the enemy. Unfortunately, war isn't something you order out of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue where you can get your money back if it isn't just right. Certainly, the bombings are an experiment, an experiment most of all calculated to safeguard an invasion where several millions of soldiers will be used to crack the enemy stronghold.

There is, of course, the matter of German morale which, according to Miss Brittain, is being strengthened as the mass bombings continue. Even assuming that what she says is correct, would she contend that the discontinuance of these bombings would then weaken German morale?

We can see how Miss Brittain is worried about the hate and desire for revenge that may be stored up against us. Yes, we suppose that the Germans do not like the idea of being bombed, and they probably will find the idea of defeat even less attractive. But they set up the yardstick by which that defeat is now being measured, and it is for them to say when the measurements are completed. Besides, it is about time we realized that we are not trying to win any popularity contests with the German people, but that we are trying to win a war; it is about time, too, we realized that we are attempting to turn back their attempt to destroy America and the other nations fighting alongside us, so that Germany will not "settle the course of history for 1000 years," to quote Mr. Hitler himself.

Miss Brittain is right, however, when she says she is worried about a guilt complex of our own after the war. We are worried about that, too. The chief threat to the coming peace will be a self-abnegating defeatism and cynicism that will lose sight of the causes of this war, that will be conscious only of the wholesale destruction that ended the war and oblivious of the Warsaws and the Lidices and the general Nazi hell that started it.

But there is nothing to say that this tragic disillusion must be inevitable. There is much that we can do about it *now*. We can burn into our minds the picture of what Nazism has meant and what it means, and how it happened, and the miseries and mass slaughter it has brought upon the world. If we can do that *now*, we won't have to worry about feeling guilty later because we finished something that Germany herself started.

There is yet another count against the non-obliterators. They would like to mark out sanctuary areas which would receive immunity from our fliers. That they would be willing to trust A. Hitler & Co. not to use these areas for armament havens, the better to make bombs and planes for mass bombings of Allied cities, is in itself a significant commentary on their entire argument. (We wonder whether there would then be voices raised in Germany against the obliteration bombings of our cities—the same voices perhaps that were sounded so clearly and eloquently during the mass bombings of Britain in 1940. Come to think of it, some of the American voices now so shrilly echoing Miss Brittain's argument were curiously and ominously silent in 1940, too.) But swallowing hard again and assuming that the sanctuary areas would not be perverted for war purposes, we fail to see how anything short of a negotiated peace itself could bring about the type of agreement necessary to enforce such a plan. Is it any wonder, then, that the chief "Peace, Now" group in this country—the Fellowship of Reconciliation—has become so enamoured of Miss Brittain?

N. C.

Material for this editorial was drawn from Mr. Cousins's debate on Town Meeting of the Air, April 30, in which he took the affirmative with Major George Fielding Eliot on the question, "Should We Continue Mass Bombings of Enemy Cities?" Norman Thomas and C. G. Paulding took the negative.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
JENNY KISSED ME *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Manhattan Circe strangled in her apt. Tycoon lover gets same treatment. Radio commentator tracks down slayer.	Starts well enough and emotional content is potent throughout but solution is just a bit too sudden, although sleuthing is competent.	Middlin'
A FISH FOR MURDER *Edward Lee* (Crime Club: $2.)	Cal. café and gambling boat off coast scene of three murders and much rough stuff. Breezy youngster cracks case.	Background, characters, and conversation are much better than mystery, though that has its points. Action speedy and violent.	Entertaining

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Truth or Repose

O DISTANT STAR! By Mary Frances Doner. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1944. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR SCHRAMM

WHEN Delia Clune was one of the prettiest girls in South Boston, in the 1850's, one of her beaux taught her a line from Emerson: "God gives to every man the choice between truth and repose." The rest of her life she tried to work out that choice for herself, and this book is the story of how she went about it.

Repose, she thought, would mean the comfortable, dull life of the herd. Repose would mean living on in the humble patterns to which her family was accustomed, marrying the suitor who was too faithful to be exciting, raising a family in a comfortable, unlovely little house, its windows opening out on a row of neighboring chimney pots that would be always friendly and always ugly. The pursuit of truth, on the other hand, would be daring and dangerous; it might lead nowhere or anywhere. It might lead even to Beacon Hill where she worked sometimes as a seamstress and saw how the Brahmins lived. At times the choice between truth and repose seemed to her as simple as between Beacon Hill and South Boston, or between two men who told her they loved her—Richard Cleaves, of Harvard and Beacon Hill, and Dermot Reagon, of the South Boston Reagans.

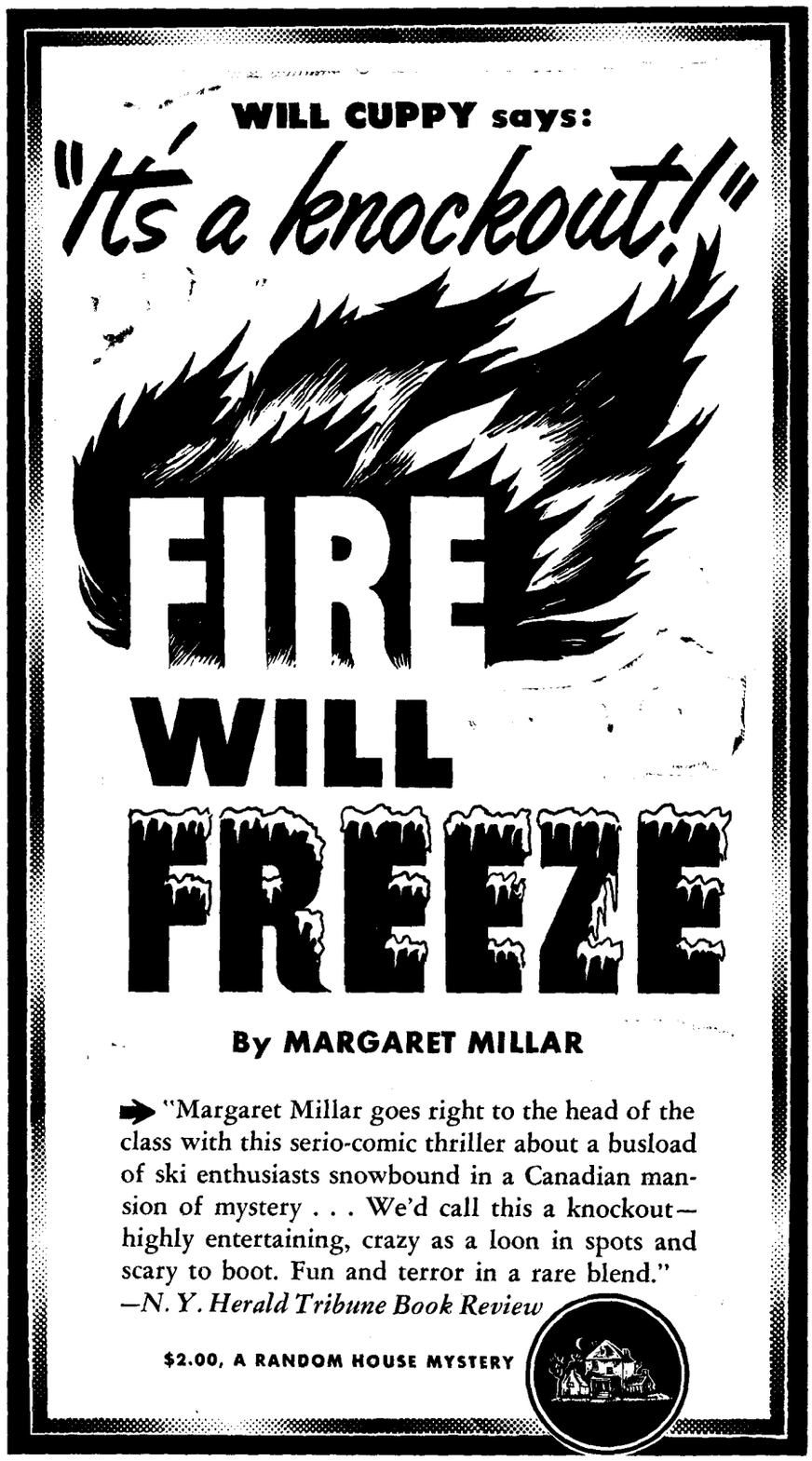
She tried to choose Richard and danger, but the patterns were too hard to break and the arm of coincidence too long. The first half of the book tells how she came to marry Dermot, rather than Richard. The latter half tells how she came to believe she had made the right choice, after all; how she came to understand that truth may be found also through repose; and how in the mining country of the Upper Michigan Peninsula where Dermot took her to live, and where by one of those happy chances known chiefly to novelists most of the other Boston characters soon reappeared, she worked out a good, full, and satisfying life for herself and her husband.

The strength of the book is a warm and understanding portrait of Delia. So relentlessly is the attention focussed on her that most of the other characters are seen through her eyes; and since she has a pattern-making mind she seems often to be moving among patterns, social and human. But Delia herself is not a pattern. She is fully drawn and real, and carries her readers' sympathies in her adventures among the patterns.

Delia is a woman's heroine, and Mrs. Reader may like the book better than her husband will.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Mrs. Carey, in "Of Human Bondage," by Somerset Maugham.
2. Olan, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl S. Buck.
3. Mrs. Gant, in "Look Homeward, Angel," by Thomas Wolfe.
4. "Iolanthe," by W. S. Gilbert.
5. Naomi, in "The Book of Ruth," from the Bible.
6. Margaret, in "The Forsaken Merman," by Matthew Arnold.
7. Mrs. Thurber, in "The Night the Ghost Got In," from "My Life and Hard Times," by James Thurber.
8. Mrs. March (Marmee), in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
9. Mrs. Day, in "God and My Father," by Clarence Day, and "Life with Father," by Lindsay and Crouse.
10. Mrs. Wiggs, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," by Alice Hegan Rice.


WILL CUPPY says:
"It's a knockout!"
FIRE
WILL
FREEZE
By MARGARET MILLAR
"Margaret Millar goes right to the head of the class with this serio-comic thriller about a busload of ski enthusiasts snowbound in a Canadian mansion of mystery . . . We'd call this a knockout—highly entertaining, crazy as a loon in spots and scary to boot. Fun and terror in a rare blend."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review
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The Phoenix Nest

RECESS FOR THE BOYS!

GALLANT saviors of the nation,
Congress takes twelve days vacation!
All the mules and all the Tartars
And all the holy Christian martyrs,
Having for their great achievement
The fighting soldier's vote-bereavement
With miles of red-tape wound around
Our men upon the battle-ground,
Men who standing to their stations
Lose their votes like their vacations,
Qualified for one nor 'tother!
Don't you really love it, Brother!
Having invoked all vain illusion
And worse confounded all confusion,
Having specialized in schism
And bellowed down all realism,
And found the time to blat and hiss
Rampant with all prejudice,
Why, both the Senate and the House
Labored—and brought forth "a mouse"
Which now they have the nerve to state
Your voting may "facilitate"
In Time of War! They hawked and spat,
Grunted and sighed, and said, "That's That!
Guess *that'll* hold the President!
Say, Fellers, ain't it time we went
Fishin', or somethin'?"

Under law
Ten thousand dollars a year they draw,
Every man jack, as well you know. . .
Soldiers, who face the stubborn foe,
You're in this th' ig for the duration.
How would you like twelve days' vacation?

Here's recommending to you the first joint feature production of British and American army film units, the first joint statement of two nations ever made in pictures: "Tunisian Victory." It is being released in London also. The British Army Film unit was headed by Lieut. Col. Hugh Stewart and the United States Army Signal Corps crews were under Lieut. Col. Frank Capra. Save for a scant three minutes, the picture was all photographed in combat on the battlefield. The two night battles of Hill 609 and Wadi Zig Zaou are featured. Reels of captured German film are incorporated in the story, as was the case in this film's predecessor, "Desert Victory." This film runs seventy-five minutes and picks up where "Desert Victory" left off. It begins with the storming of the Mareth Line. The strategy of the British-American campaign is brilliantly charted for you in simple symbols. The lives of many cameramen were lost making the picture. Every day, film was flown out of the battle area and developed behind the lines. The narration was written jointly by the well-known British author and war-correspondent, J. L. Hodson, and Captain Anthony Veiller of the United States Signal Corps. This kind of first-hand war-reporting is new in our time. The experts have made a picture of permanent historical value, and one that gives the man in the street a clear and vivid idea of just what went on in Africa. I am enthusiastically for more and more of the same kind of thing. The record of the war of the United Nations, against the evil hordes, will be of the most complete kind. An especially well-managed characteristic of "Tunisian Victory" involves the human and natural comments of a G. I. Joe and a British Tommy. They even go so far as to express themselves in general terms about the world of the future.

Now seems to me a great opportunity for all sorts of work in the moving-picture field dealing constructively and imaginatively with the Peace and the future of the world. A tremendous educational job could be accomplished! The showing of films all over the world, after the war—which I know is far from ended and will still be a tough battle!—all tending toward an honest, rational, and clear-cut understanding between men and nations, should be one of the main considerations on the agenda of the Peace Council (or whatever it will be called) of the United Nations. The moving picture wields a tremendous power, not only for propaganda but for world-education. The moving picture industry could make such a contribution to the future of civilization as is yet undreamed, if it would cooperatively enter into its world responsibilities. It is truly the "secret weapon" for peace and international understanding. It is the universal language we have ready to our hand, if we keep it free of power and pressure groups, and dedicate it to the cause of truth.

Writes Earle Walbridge:

Oh, but you must somehow make room for the death of Cutcliffe Hyne (which any linotyper will set up as Cutliffe if not watched). As I told Harry Hansen, I was gratified to see my description of Hyne's famous creation, Captain Kettle, bounce back at me in the AP despatch, from the article I wrote on him for "Twentieth Century Authors," in which I described him as a pugnacious little Welsh sea-captain, with red torpedo beard and strait-laced ideas. Hyne's sombre masterpiece, "The Lost Continent," is one of the amazing performances that writers, ostensibly humorists, sometimes produce (like Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger.") No doubt you

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You've all heard about the *Times* and its History Examination. Now read

Our Children Can't Read!

in the March-April

HORN BOOK

This article by Edith Allais, written out of actual experience with her own child, is something that educators and parents with children at the learning-to-read age in school should not miss.

Also in this issue: Articles on Selma Lagerlöf, Children and Religion, the new books for children, and an early publisher of children's books, "M. J. Godwin & Co."

Coming!

The May-June *Horn Book* will be in celebration of our 20th year of publication and rightly called A JUBILEE NUMBER, for in addition to its emphasis upon children's books, authors and illustrators of the past 20 years, it will publish here for the first time

Beatrix Potter's Story "Wag-by-Wall"

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by

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read it serially in *Pearson's Magazine,* but the book as published by *Harper's* in 1900 is much longer.

No doubt I did, though now I vaguely remember only the yellow covers of *Pearson's Magazine,* and the terrifically spirited illustrations of Stanley L. Wood, whom I have nevertheless always got confused with Caton-Woodville! Walbridge says in the article he mentions, that Hyne travelled some 400,000 miles in his lifetime, visiting the Shetlands, Lapland, the Arctic, the Spanish Main, the Congo, Mexico, and Brazil. P.E.G. Quercus also tells me that Hyne was about eighty years old and "what wonderful scrapple that was for boys! Felix Riesenberg was also a lifelong remember of Capt. Kettle."

Guy Stanton Ford writes, "The Old Editor remembered in Mr. Stringer's poem is John W. Dafoe of the Winnipeg *Free Press,* the 'Grand Old Man of Canada,' who died January 9th. It is a just tribute to a great spirit."

I thank Mrs. Dorothy R. Russo, of the Indiana Historical Society, for her letter, and ask my readers, herewith, whether they can solve her problem. She writes:

> I have been told that you have considerable knowledge of ephemeral literary magazines, and wonder if you can help solve a Booth Tarkington bibliographical problem. Mr. Tarkington wrote, for his friend Oliver Herford, an article entitled, "Evaporated Novels." I have reason to believe that this was published some time around 1905, in a little magazine that Herford edited and that lasted only through one or two issues. It may have been *Dreamland,* or possibly the magazine had some other title. I'm sorry to be so vague but I have little information regarding it; just a desire to know when and where this bit of Tarkington's writing appeared. If you can help, your reply may be addressed either to me here, or to Miss Elizabeth Trotter (Tarkington's amanuensis), 4270 North Meridian Street. Indianapolis.

I am glad to see that a fine liberal, a gentleman, and a scholar, Robert Morss Lovett, who has also been a great teacher and editor—and whom some of the yahoos of our Congress managed to oust from his job as Government Secretary for the Virgin Islands—has found better treatment in Porto Rico. More power to you, Mr. Lovett! You have many warm friends in this country!

Every once-in-so-often hereafter I intend to declare a PHOENIX NEST AWARD FOR HORSE SENSE. This award will carry with it no emolument and no responsibility! It is simply a pat on the back. Right now I present the pat-on-the-back to Clair Wilcox, professor of economics at Swarthmore College, for the article "No Private Collectivism: A Challenge," in *The New York Times Magazine* for March 19, 1944, pages 6 and 37. The Wilcox argument goes along pretty well with a valuable article by Thurman Arnold, called "Free Enterprise and Planned Organization" in "Beyond Victory," planned and edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen and published last year by Harcourt, Brace. It is apparent, even to me, that what most of the big shouters for "Free Enterprise" mean is actually what Clair Wilcox calls "Free Unenterprise." After they read the article of which I speak let them see whether they really believe what they think they believe! Probably they believe in "an economy of private cartels," for that is the kind of economy we have got right now. The last paragraph of the article is all I have space to quote here, but it is the real McCoy:

> The ways that lie before American business are three. The first leads to an economy of private enterprise, the second to an economy of private cartels, the third to an economy of public regimentation. But the second and third of these roads must ultimately converge. For concentrated public power will challenge concentrated private power and, though the struggle may be long and bitter, the State will finally prevail. If we are to escape public collectivism we must prevent private collectivism. There is no other way.

Business has been an almighty big shouter these days. I wonder if it cares in the least about preventing "private collectivism"?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

YOUNG WOMAN, experienced editing, rewriting, writing, research, seeks challenging job. Box 325-J.

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SUDDENLY, why should Spring signify nothing to this fellow? Box 329-J.

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(*Continued on page* 30)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 29*)

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

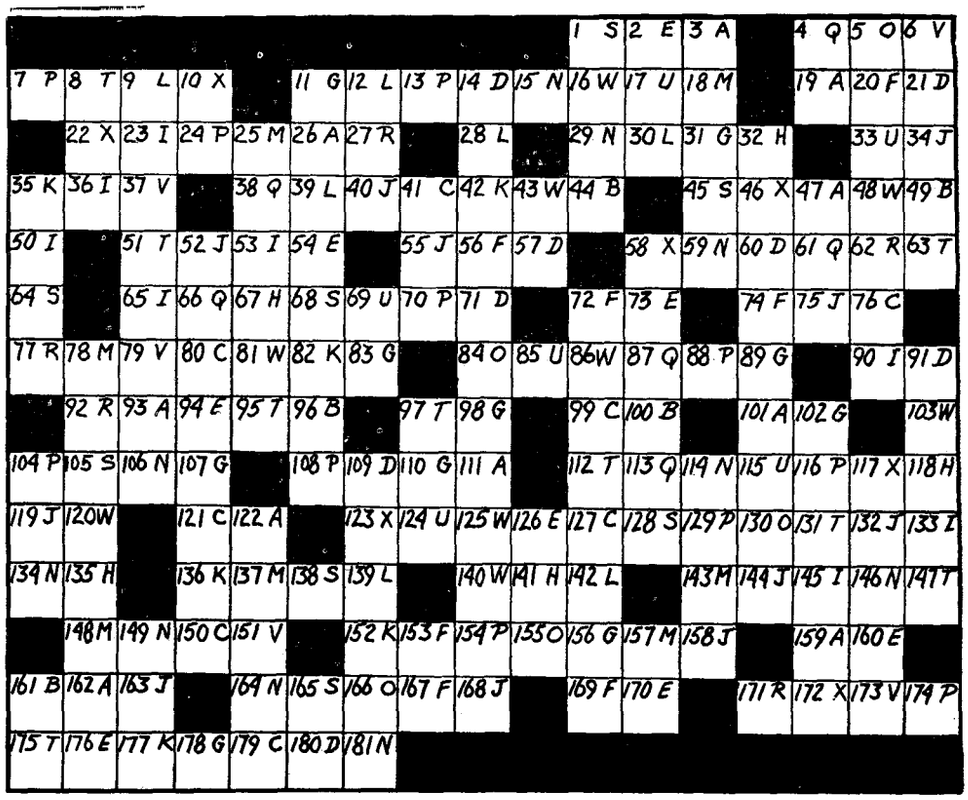
DESPITE that clever squib in *The New Yorker* for March 25, "Our Wayward Webster's—Some Puzzled Reflections by an Examination of the New Webster's Biographical Dictionary," etc., after a week's investment I maintain that it's a great buy especially for puzzle addicts, as you will have occasion to note in forthcoming DCs. Indeed, I am indebted to it for *1st Baron Tweedsmuir,* though not for my inferential *baronetcy* over which Christopher Morley took exception in a Letter to the Editor, March 18, defining a Baronet as "v. small spuds, he is not a peer." And Harold Mayne Daly, K.C., Ottawa, Canada, writes, "Should not this be 'Barony'? I cannot find that John Buchan was ever a Baronet." In my plebeian ignorance I jumped to the conclusion that Baronetcy sounded loftier than just plain Barony. Well, it's something to have elicited the comment of a famous author, and after a session with my WNI over *baron, baronet, peer,* etc., I feel as if I'd had a course in British Nobility!

We are grateful to Dr. J. Edgar Park, President of Wheaton College, Mass., for sharing with us part of a letter from his sister, a retired schoolteacher in London to whom he had sent an autographed copy of Series 15. Had I known that it was going to a Londoner I should never have been so pharisaical as to urge courage. She writes: "I don't know whether it is a chance quotation or if Mrs. Kingsley wished me courage as a British citizen in London. Anyhow I thank you very much for the book, and I may mention that I received it as I sat in a room with boarded-up windows, etc., and was needing courage. My bruises are all better and I have got over the shock of the bombing and only hope there are not going to be many more like it. There is hope for glass for the windows in a few weeks' time. In the meantime there is almost a daily excitement to get through and I have always hated noise. . . . My days have been spent on a stepladder taking up odds and ends of dust and collecting glass—no charwoman even to help."

Do you recall that great stroke at the close of Elizabeth Fowler's "Standing Room Only" when at the end of ten gruelling days and nights, the only woman in a lifeboat with thirty-three men, wearily enroute via Barbados, Trinidad, and Florida to New York, craved but a cup of *hot* coffee from the train lad, and the bespangled hedonist beside her blandly rebuked, "My dear, you know there's a war on."

Several other English women have found refuge in our puzzles. Two years ago Mrs. Grace M. Wilson of Alfreton, Derbyshire, wrote of their comfort in them. Her husband's sudden death led her to her people in Scotland, and I have since lost track of her.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 524

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Story by Hawthorne dramatized by Percy MacKaye as "The Scarecrow."

B. Alluvial matter on the surface of land not of recent origin (Geol.)

C. Son and successor of Solomon.

D. The exterior curve of an arch.

E. Gives in vassalage; makes subservient.

F. A beadle, constable, or the like (formerly used, as a term of contempt).

G. Background of an "Anthology" by Lee Masters (1915).

H. To admit (2 wds.)

I. To transport with delight.

J. A lawgiver; a legislator (originally Gr. Antiq.)

K. Principal literary work of Sir Thomas More (1516).

L. Private Sec'ry to Lincoln (1860-5).

M. Hebrew Prophetess who helped free her people from the Canaanites.

N. A General of this War.

O. Controlling or guiding power (as of government).

P. To become operative (2 wds.)

Q. *Court* on the Thames, residence of English rulers for two centuries.

R. Relieves, as of pain, toil, care.

S. Full, bulging, as a skirt (Fr.)

T. A retaining wall (Fort. & Engin.)

U. Of poor or deteriorated vitality.

V. Capital of French West Africa.

W. Act or faculty of tasting.

X. One who makes much of the sense of the beautiful (variant sp.)

WORDS

A. 122 111 19 101 162 93 3 47 159 26

B. 44 100 49 96 161

C. 127 76 41 121 80 150 179 99

D. 57 60 91 180 14 21 109 71

E. 94 54 160 126 2 170 73 176

F. 20 153 74 56 169 72 167

G. 89 11 102 98 83 107 156 31 178 110

H. 67 32 135 118 141

I. 133 36 50 53 65 90 23 145

J. 55 75 163 168 132 34 144 52 119 40 158

K. 35 136 152 177 42 82

L. 139 28 9 39 12 30 142

M. 157 18 148 143 78 25 137

N. 181 59 15 106 134 29 149 164 146 114

O. 166 5 130 84 155

P. 154 129 174 13 116 104 7 70 24 88

Q. 87 113 108 4 61 66 38

R. 62 77 171 27 92

S. 45 165 68 1 105 138 64 128

T. 147 63 112 175 51 95 8 131 97

U. 115 124 33 85 17 69

V. 37 79 151 173 6

W. 86 16 120 125 140 48 81 103 43

X. 22 58 117 172 123 10 46

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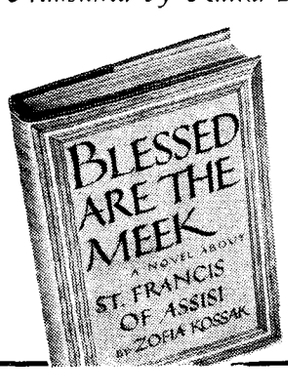

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